THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

CONTAINING

Citizen, late the property of Mr. George Wall, Derbyshire ...... *Page* 47
The Royal Chase 48
Lord Derby's Hounds 49
Fox-Hunting 49
Coursing Meetings—Malton 50
Swaffham 51
American Riflemen 52
Remains of a curious Monument, preserved at Walton upon Thames 53
Wit of former Days 54
Drunkenness of a Rabbit, surprising instance of 54
Oswestry Races, Particulars of the late 55
Epitaph on a Horse 56
Tyger in Calcutta 56
Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry 57
Law—Drivers of Mail Carts, &c. 61
Cruelty to Horses 62
An extraordinary Marriage 62
A Marriage truly mysterious 63
Modern Duels; and curious Challenge 65
The Old Mare's Saddle 66
Shooting Spiritualized 69
Curious Extract from Dr. Walker's Voyage 70
Singular Instances of the Cunning of Foxes 71
The Presentations of the Regarders of the New Forest, in the County of Southampton 73
Greenland, Account of the Animals, Fishes, Beasts, Manners, &c. of 76
Theatricals—The Wife of Two Husbands 79
Raising the Wind 81
Three Per Cents 83
Scapin in Masquerade 84
Death of Mr. Charles, commonly called Count Bibb 84
Pulling Noses 85
Parson, American Sporting 87
Sporting Dictionary, Remarks on 88
Mahomet Aga, principal Officer of Elfi Bey 89
The Pole-Cat in the Hen Roost 89
Feast of Wit 90
Sporting Intelligence 92

POETRY.

Songs in the Wife of Two Husbands 97
Prologue to Raising the Wind 98
The Games of Life 98
Saturday Night's Sports at Sea 99
The Doctor and his Apprentice 99
Epitaph 100
Racing Calendar 13

Embellished with I. *The High Bred Horse, Citizen, late the property of Mr. George Wall, Derbyshire.* II. *Etching of the Pole-Cat in the Hen Roost*

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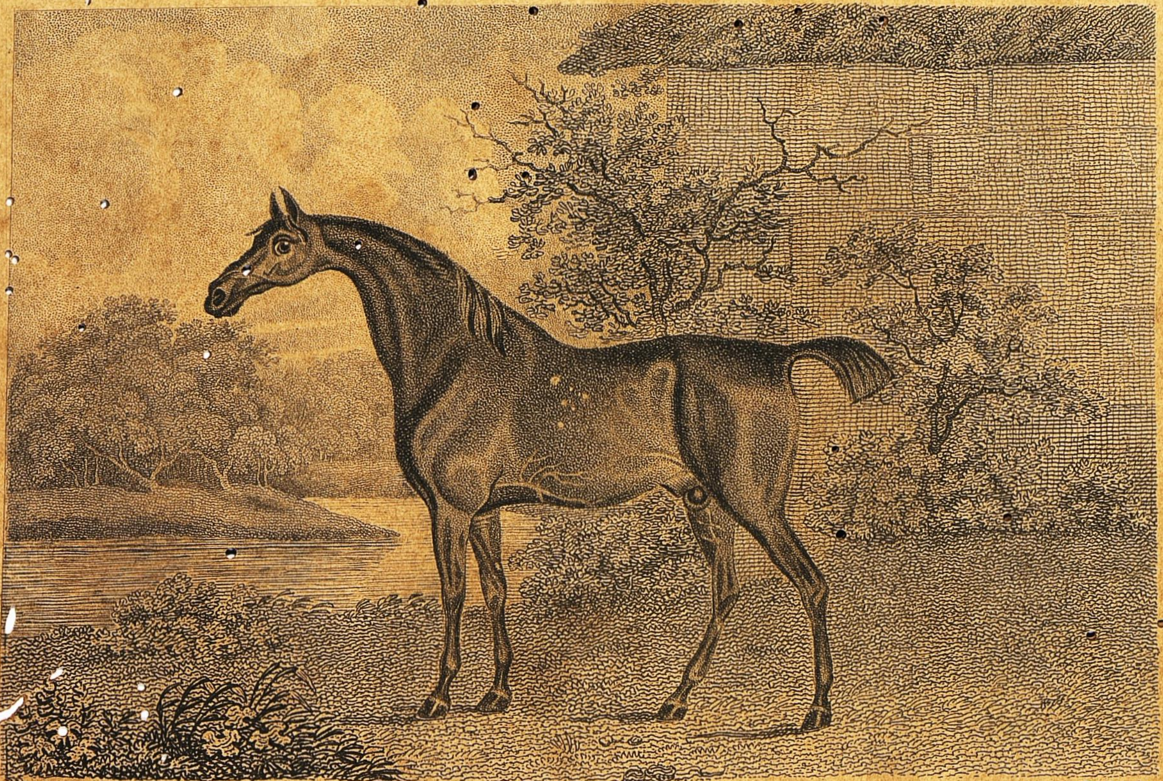
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are still in arrear with several of our Correspondents.

The Letter on the proposed Publication of GENIUS GENUINE—Mr. LAYTON—and VETERINARY CRITICISM, all stand over for the next Number.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



Clifton Tomson Pinx.t Mackenzie sc.

Citizen.

Pub. Dec. 1. 1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

CITIZEN.

The Copperplate to face this Page, contains the Portraiture of the High Bred Horse, Citizen, late the property of Mr. George Wall, of Barton Fields, near Longford, Derbyshire.

CITIZEN was bred by Mr. Gorwood, and purchased of him by Mr. Clifton; has since been the property of Charles Smith, Esq. Rochdale, near Manchester.

Citizen was got by Pacolet, and out of Princess; Pacolet by Blank; Blank by the Godolphin Arabian, the best blood we possess; Princess, his dam, was got by Turk; his grandam by young Cade, great grandam by Crab, great great grandam by Snake, great great great grandam by the Bald Galloway, great great great great grandam by Curwen's bay Barb. Turk, the sire of Princess, was got by Regulus, his dam by Crab, his grandam by Flying Childers.

Citizen has won the following Plates, as may be seen by the Racing Calender.

At 4 years old.

Beverley, 50l. Maiden Plate.
Chesterfield, 50l. all ages.
Liecester, 50l. ditto.
Ditto, 50l. ditto.

At 5 years old.

Manchester, 50l. ditto.
Newcastle, 50l. for 5 years old.
Bromsgrove, 50l. all ages.
Litchfield, 50l. ditto.
Shrewsbury, 50l. ditto.
Ludlow, 50l. ditto.

At 6 years old.

Conway, 100 gs. Pr. of Wales.

At 7 years old.

Manchester, 50l. all ages.
Newcastle, 50l. ditto.
Knutsford, 50l. ditto.
Chesterfield, 50l. ditto.
Doncaster, 500 gs. a Match, beating Magnolia.

At 8 years old.

Manchester, 290 gs. a Sweepstakes, beating Rosalind, Mendoza, Cavendish, Bustard, and Mayfly.
Oxford, 50l. all ages.

At 9 years old.

Manchester, 150 gs. a Sweepstakes.

Citizen is a beautiful racer; and was last sold to a gentleman from America, where we expect the horse now is.

THE ROYAL CHASE,

HAVING, to the great mortification of the anxious and impatient Sportsmen, been protracted full six weeks beyond the usual grand day of commencement —Holyrood day, Sept. 25—by the want of rain, and uncommon hardness of the ground; it was not till Saturday the 12th of November, that the hounds were enabled to take the field. On which morning, about ten o'clock, his Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, and attended by Lord Walsingham, Colonels Maningham, and Sneyd, and the usual attendants, reached Ascot Heath race ground; near which, Lord Sandwich, with the stag hounds, and a very numerous field of distinguished expectants were in waiting for his Majesty's arrival. After his Majesty was remounted, and had condescendingly received the gratulations of those who so happily and exultingly surrounded him, amidst the sonorous strains of horns, and the melodious echo of hounds; Lord Sandwich gave the signal for liberating the deer; who going off in high style for Cæsar's camp, and boldly facing the open country, and extensive tract of barren heath, promised a run of some difficulty and duration. This prospect was, however, truly transient and deceptive; for, heading from thence, he returned between Tower-hill and Swinley Lodge, over Sunninghill bogs, and through Mr. Sibbald's inclosures; where, by repeatedly heading, and various short turns, the hounds were brought to a view; when, pressing him close to his haunches, he took soil at the bottom of Mr. Shute's pleasure ground, where he was enabled to keep the hounds a little at bay; till being drawn off by the huntsman and Yeomen Prickers, he once more broke away; but, whether from being so long immersed in the frigidity of the element, or from a want of the blood and bottom of old Highflyer and Moonshine, the hounds almost immediately ran up to him; and he was taken unhurt near Sunninghill wells, after a very indifferent chase, affording neither sport, speed, length, nor variety.

On Tuesday the 15th, a deer was turned out near the same place, before his Majesty, and a numerous field; when, making two or three circles upon the heath, about Swinley Lodge, he took an abrupt leave of his pursuers, by leaping the nine feet paling into the Paddock; and terminating a chase of as little novelty as the former.

His Majesty's constant enjoyment of strong exercise in his favourite sport, affords the most indubitable demonstration of his good health and high spirits; displaying such palpable proof of constitutional stamina, arising from systematic temperance and regularity, that his Majesty's example, has roused from their temporary lethargy, the inhabitants of the forest and its environs, in so great a degree, that the dignity of the chase seems to undergo a renovation, and promises a speedy recovery of its former splendour and celebrity.

On Saturday, Nov. 19, his Majesty, accompanied, as on the preceding Tuesday, by the Duke of Cambridge, and the equeries in waiting, reached Ascot Heath race ground about the usual time; where the Earl of Sandwich, the Yeomen Prickers, hounds, and a numerous field, were ready to receive him. Upon his Majesty's arrival, not a moment was lost, but the signal instantly given for liberating the deer; who, condescendingly bestowing a look of the most indignant contempt on the elated and expectant crowd, gave

gave them an unprecedented specimen of speed, over the left branch of Tower-hill, and nearly reached the Park at Bagshot; where, being accidentally headed, he made a double to the right of Swinley, where the hounds catching a view, lay so close at him, that he had no alternative to being run up to, but in leaping the very high paling of one of the Lodge paddocks; where, the fleetest and strongest hounds failed in their repeated efforts to follow him. After a minute's delay in consultation, the gate of the paddock was opened by his Majesty's order, and the chase renewed; when crossing the heath, he made for the inclosures of Bracknall, and Wick-hill; passing through which, he regained the heath; where continuing to run two or three extensive circles, he joined the herd of forest deer; when the hounds were drawn off, after an excellent run of two hours and a half. This deer is six years old, and a grandson of the famous Highflyer, who repeatedly beat the hounds.

LORD DERBY'S HOUNDS.

ON Friday the 18th, a deer of some celebrity was turned out, before the hounds of the Earl of Derby, at the Oaks, in Surry; when, after a few minutes law, the hounds being laid on, and the scent laying breast high, he had no alternative, but to avail himself of his speed, and the scope of country; which he did, to the extatic enjoyment of a very numerous field; many of whom, were mounted upon some of the best blood horses in the kingdom. And as the hounds were never stopped, but permitted to break away without a check, he was compelled to make for the inclosures; which affording him but little additional protraction, he continued his course to the Thames, into which he plunged, with the body of the pack at his haunches; where, he must have inevitably perished, had not the neighbouring watermen with their boats rescued him from a watery grave; for which they were rewarded with a sporting liberality.

FOX-HUNTING.

MR. EAGLE'S fox-hounds, in the neighbourhood of Colchester, commenced their season with great success, and have already had some excellent runs. The end of last month, they had one of the severest bursts ever known; it lasted fifty-five minutes without a check, when poor reynard was so completely done up, that he was killed in view, on the lawn in front of Beerchurch Hall, now occupied by Captain Gill, of the Yeomanry Corps, who happening to be present, entreated, with his usual hospitality, in the politest manner, that all the bold sportsmen in at the death, would partake of his well-stocked larder and cellar. Such an invitation, so warmly urged, could not be resisted, especially at such a time. After having been most plenteously regaled with cold meat of every description, and no small quantity of the finest flavoured Madeira and Hock, the company departed for their respective homes, equally delighted with the good cheer they had enjoyed, as with the amiable condescension and affability of their generous host.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON.

WEDNESDAY Nov. 9, proving a more rainy day than the preceding, all sport was interrupted; but a message having been received from the Derbyshire and Warwickshire Coursers on a visit to Lord Middleton, "that they should be happy to be indulged with sporting six brace of their greyhounds against those of the members of the Club," a note was sent to signify their compliance with the request of those gentlemen.

Six brace of such greyhounds as were not engaged in matches already made, were then chosen by the members, for the next day.

As this invitation, however, was considered as a sort of challenge to the Club, a proposal was sent them from the Malton meeting "to run, in February next, any uneven number of matches they might choose, for five guineas each match, and a piece of plate value fifty guineas on the main."

This proposal was not agreed to. Perhaps it might not be convenient to gentlemen who had to bring their dogs from distant countries, however good the country might be. The weather proving favourable on Thursday morning, the contest began.

MATCHES.

Warwickshire and Derby.	WON.	WON.	*Yorkshire.*
Mr. Princeps	1	0	Mr. Croft
Mr. Terry	2	0	Mr. Webb
Mr. Foljambe	3	0	....
....	0	0	Mr. Plumer
....	5	0	....
....	6	0	....
....	0	7	Mr. Slingsby
....	0	8	Major Topham
....	0	0	Major Topham
....	0	10	Mr. Lowther
....	0	0	Mr. Lowther
....	0	12	Mr. Lowther

Major Topham and Mr. Lowther's dogs, were got by Snowball.

It was allowed by every body, that the gentlemen from Warwickshire and Derbyshire produced fine dogs, in very high order, and who run in a very distinguished style; and the whole contest was conducted in a manner very satisfactory, and with perfect good temper: indeed, the Malton members were so delicate on the subject, that they would not allow their own Tryer, Mr. Boulton, to decide on that occasion, but requested two gentlemen to determine each match.

The four finest dogs produced at the meeting were, one the property of Mr. Lowther, and three the property of Mr. Percival. Three of them by Snowball, and one by Major, late the property of Colonel Thornton. In style of running, and grandeur of appearance, they were confessed to be the finest greyhounds that had been seen there for many years.

Friday the members had for finishing their own matches; and being a very fine day, by far the best courses were run, as under:

WON.	LOST.
Mr. Lowther's Tartar	agst Mr. Slingsby's Sultan.
Mr. Percival's Mars by Snowball,	agst Mr. Darley's Hero, by Dent.
Mr. Percival's Major, by Major,	agst Mr. Darley's Young Dent.
Mr. Percival's Spring, by Snowball,	agst Mr. Darley's Driver.

On these matches a great deal of money was betted, as it was the blood of Snowball against that of Dent. The running was very fine.

Mr. Lowther's Lady beat Mr. Broadley's Claret.

Mr. Broadley's against Mr. Croft's—undecided.

Mr. H. Boynton's Gipsey beat Mr. Best's Black Dog.

The last bitch who had run a very trying course, and wh[illegible] had just strength enough to take [illegible]er hare, but not to kill it, was s[illegible] immedia[illegible]

immediately after the match. She was of Mr. Heblethwaite's breed. Lord Middleton, who promises again to realize the coursing days of the famed Lord Orford, was the purchaser of many capital dogs, and will give coursing a new fashion.

Sir Rowland Winn, whose dogs have been so distinguished at the meeting, was absent.

The accommodations of Smith's at Malton, were in their usual good style; and the company was more numerous, than, from the present military avocations of the times, might have been expected. Two new members were elected, Mr. Lowther, M. P. and Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart.

SWAFFHAM.

Monday, Nov. 14.—First Igborough Field.

COL. LOVELACE's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whim, recd ft. from Mr. Galway's Bagatelle, 1g.

Mr. Tharp's Gipsey, beat Mr. Mosley's Beetle, 1g.

Mr. Breton's (Mr. Page's) Sharper, against Mr. Denton's Norfolk, 1g.—Undecided.

Major Ottley's (Mr. Page's) Willy, beat Mr. Breton's Snake, 1g.

Mr Denton's Nun, agst Mr. Mosely's (Mr. Bolton's) Bat, 1g.—Undecided.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Bolton's) Bobadil, beat Mr. Breton's (Mr. Page's) Shuffler) 1g.

Tuesday.—First Westacre Field.

Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whirligig, against Mr. Galwey's Hero, 1g, and 4gs bye.

Sir J. Sebright's two Puppies, recd ft. of Sir S. Fludyer's two Puppies, 1g, and 1g bye each.

Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Wrangler, recd ft. from Mr. Moseley's Bluebeard, 1g, and 9gs bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bonny, recd ft. from Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Wouski, 1g, and 9gs bye.

Mr. Mosely's Blackbird, beat Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whirligig, 1g, and 9gs bye.

Sir J. Sebright's Perfidy, beat Mr. Davenport's Ruby, 1g.

Mr. Davenport's Roger, beat Sir J. Sebright's Perjurer, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Page's) Bat, beat Mr. Breton's Snake, 1g.

Mr. Tyssen's Tetotum, against Major Ottley's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whim, 1g.—Undecided.

Mr. Moseley's Bandelore, beat Major Ottley's Waterlass, 1g, and 1g bye.

Major Ottley's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whif, against Mr. Moseley's Bonny, 1g, and 4gs bye.—Undecided.

Mr. Davenport's Rival, beat Mr. Tyssen's Teapot, 1g.

Wednesday.—Smee Field.

Mr. Hamond's Greyhound, beat Sir J. Sebright's, 1g, and 1g bye.

Sir J. Sebright's Pickering Puppy, recd ft. from Mr. F. Hamond's Wouski, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Tharp's Gypsey, against Mr. Davenport's Ruby, 1g.—off.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wafer, beat Sir J. Sebright's Petite Ricaneuse, 1g.

Major Ottley's Waterford, recd ft. from Mr. Breton's (Mr. Page's) Spot, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wrangler, recd ft. from Mr. Mosely's Bishop, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bragela, beat Mr. F. Hamond's Weathercock, 1g, and 4gs bye.

Mr. Dashwood's Dram, against Mr. James's Yarico, 1g, and 2gs bye.—Off.

Mr.

Mr. James's Yoke, against Mr. Dashwood's Duce, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Col. Lovelace's Miss, beat Sir J. Sebright's Ponobscot Nettle, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Miss, against Mr. Tharp's Gimcrack, 1g, and 1g bye.—Off.

Mr. Tharp's (Mr. Moore's) Garrow, against Major Ottley's Wax, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wrangler, against Major Ottley's Whiteboy, 1g.

Mr. Dover's Xanthus, against Mr. Tyssen's Taylor, 1g, and 2gs bye.

There not being sufficient light, the three last matches were not run.

Thursday.—Cley Field.

Mr. Tharp's Gipsey, beat Sir J. Sebright's Plato, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's Bandelore, beat Major Ottley's Waterlass, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Dover's Xanthus, against Mr. James's Yelper, 1g, and 2gs bye. —Undecided.

Mr. F. Hamond's Whim, beat Mr. Tharp's Grasshopper, 1g.

Mr. James's Yearling, beat Col. Lovelace's Myrtle, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Tyssen's Trip, beat Mr. Tharp's Gimcrack, 1g, and 1g bye.

Major Ottley's Whiteboy, beat Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Bolton's) Treacle, 1g.

Friday.—Second Westacre Field.

Mr. Dover's Xanthus, against Mr. F. Hamond's Weathercock, 1g, and 1g bye.—Undecided.

Sir J. Sebright's Perfidy, beat Mr. Davenport's Roger, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Davenport's Rustic, beat Sir J. Sebright's Petite Ricaneuse, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bragela, beat Col. Lovelace's Maiden, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Col. Lovelace's Mogul, beat Mr. Moseley's Bess, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bonny, against Col. Lovelace's Minikin, 1g, and 2gs bye.—Undecided.

Mr. Galwey's Nun, against Mr. F. Hamond's Whirligig, 1g, and 4gs bye.—Undecided.

Mr. F. Hamond's Weathercock, beat Mr. Galwey's Nettle, 1g, and 4gs bye.

Col. Lovelace's Miss, beat Major Ottley's Oronooko, 1g.

Mr. F. Hamond's Whip, beat Mr. Tyssen's Twylight, 1g.

Mr. Tyssen's Trull, against Mr. Breton's Sailor, 1g, and 4gs bye. —Undecided.

Saturday,—Second Igborough Field.

Sir J. Sebright's Nettle, against Gen. Leigh's Iago, 1g, and 2gs bye.—Off.

Mr. Tharp's Gipsey, beat Mr. Tyssen's Pill, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Bolton's) Bobadil, recd ft. from Mr. Breton's Saltram.

AMERICAN RIFLE-MEN.

From Priest's Travels in America, a Work of Amusement and Information.

DURING the late war, in 1775, a company of Rifle-men, formed from the back woodsmen of Virginia, were quartered here (Lancaster, in New England) for some time: two of them alternately held a board, only nine inches square, between his knees, while his comrade fired a ball through it, from a distance of one hundred paces! The board is still preserved: and I am assured, by several who were present, that it was performed without any manner of deception.

REMAINS

REMAINS OF A CURIOUS MONUMENT,

Preserved at Walton upon Thames in the County of Surry.

NAILED up against the south wall of the chancel of Walton church are several brass plates, parts of an ancient monument of one John Selwyn. They were evidently once laid over a grave stone; but, having become loose, or being taken up, when, or on what occasion, we cannot learn, they were for a long time thrown about, and kept in the vestry, till the care of some person, who, perhaps, had more taste for antiquities than falls to the lot of parish officers in general, preserved them, by fixing them in their present situation. Many years ago, an ancient sexton, the Ciceroni of the place, explained the figures contained on the plates, by the following traditionary story.

Selwyn, as is evident by the inscription, was under-keeper of the park of Oatlands, in Surry, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the bugle horn, the insignia of his office, is preserved in the figure sealed on a stag; and also, in that where he is represented in the common monumental attitude of prayer. Being a man extremely famous for his strength, his agility, and his skill in horsemanship, he would frequently display specimens of these various endowments before his royal mistress. One day, at a grand stag hunt in Oatlands park, attending, as was the duty of his office, in the heat of the chase he suddenly leaped from his horse, then running at full speed, he alighted on the back of the stag, which was flying at the same time with its utmost velocity. In spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, he not only kept his seat with graceful firmness, but drawing his sword, he guided the animal towards the queen; and as he approached her, plunged his sword in the throat of the victim, who fell dead at the feet of the royal huntress. This was thought wonderful enough to be chronicled on his monument; and he is accordingly pourtrayed in the act of stabbing the beast.

It is remarkable, that the story is represented on both sides of the same plate. In one engraving, Selwyn appears with a hat, but without spurs; and on the other bareheaded, but with spurs. Hence, some have supposed that he performed this feat more than once; but more probably, the first engraving not being approved by the family, as deficient in likeness, or some other circumstance, a second was engraved; which, to save the expence of a new plate, was executed on the back of the former.

This opinion seems confirmed by the four holes seen at the corners; which, being evidently made for the purpose of fastening it down, of course, one side only could be viewed.

Beneath his feet, and those of his wife and children, is the following inscription on another plate, where all are represented in the act of prayer.

"Here lyeth the body of John Selwyn, Gent. Keeper of her Majesties Parke at Oteland, under the Right Honourable Charles Howard, Lord Admiral of England, his good Lord and Mr. who had issue by Susan, his wife, V Sunes, and VI Daughters, all lyving at his death; and departed out of this world the 27 day of March, Anno Domini, 1587."

WIT OF FORMER DAYS.

IN an old puritanical pamphlet, printed in 1668, intituled, "Room for the Cobler of Gloucester and his Wife," it is related, that the parson of Lime, in Dorsetshire, was catechising some of the young people, and among the rest, a maid; he asked, her, "What will be the punishment of hedge-breakers and hedge-robbers?"—it is supposed his own had been robbed—to which she answered, "Hell-fire, in my opinion." "G—d d—n me," said the parson, "but thou hast more grace than all the parish besides thee."

It is related, upon the same authority, that one Jarvis Smith, of Brinsop, in Herefordshire, was so merry a preacher, that he used to tell his hearers such stories in the pulpit, as would make them and himself break out into peals of laughter. Out of it, he is said to have been so crabbed a knave, that there were few of his parishioners with whom he had not been together by the ears, especially when he met with a little angry ale. An old man who was deaf, once leaning against the pulpit, being told by him to lean off, and not obeying, received such a blow on the head, that he was fain to go out of the church. Another time, preaching from the words "All is vanity," and a gentleman coming into the church with a hawk upon his fist, his spaniels hunting about the seats, and his horses tied in the church yard; this gentleman laughed at his silly carriage, which the parson observing, he said, "Hood up your kites, couple your curs, and ride off your jades, for all is but vanity." Some young men also laughing at his light expressions, "Oh you Cacoons," said he, "you have so filled your bellies with bread and bacon, that the word cannot enter into you."

SURPRISING INSTANCE OF DRUNKENNESS IN A RABBIT.

WHEN, says our correspondent, I was a boy, I kept a few rabbits, in a yard adjoining to my father's house, which, as it was walled round, rendered it unnecessary to confine them in boxes. Among them was a buck rabbit. This creature would frequently find his way into the house; and as he was encouraged by crumbs of bread, and other such dainties, he very soon became a constant visitor, and at length totally forsook the community in which he had been brought up. A spaniel dog, and a cat, who, so far from being hostile to this intruder, suffered him, not only to eat out of the same dish, but also to sleep along with them. It is a fact, that I have seen them all asleep together before the fire; the dog at the bottom, the cat over him, and the rabbit stretched across the cat! The most remarkable circumstance, was the very strong attachment which this long-ear'd gentleman evinced for good ale. I had taught the dog to drink it till he was frequently intoxicated; and I one day resolved to try the rabbit. I was much astonished to find that he took it with avidity, without appearing to be offended with the fumes, in the manner the dog used to be. He soon became so perfect a toper, that when in the parlour, where he frequently used to come, if there was any ale upon the table, he would jump upon a vacant chair, if there was one near enough, or upon my mother's lap, and from thence upon the table, and would help himself out of the glass, and become so inebriated, as to roll about, jump, and throw up his heels in the most ludicrous manner. I must not omit to mention his

his particular fondness for warmth. The hearth before the kitchen fire was his favourite place for repose; and on washing and brewing days, the hole under the copper fire generally received him: whence he was seldom expelled, till a hot coal fell upon him, which, indeed, was so frequently the case, that his back was partly covered with scars, and his feet singed in many places.

J. H.

Liverpool, October 14.

PARTICULARS OF THE LATE OSWESTRY RACES.

OUR races which ended on Wednesday last, were never better attended; the assemblage of the neighbouring nobility and gentry was crowded beyond all example, and their expectations gratified by a display of beauty, wit, and elegance; by a profusion of delicacies, and an exhibition of amusements, such as few countries, few tables, and few races can boast. The sport on the two first days was good, and on the last was of superior excellence. If the well contested rivalry of the noble animals, if the joyous hearts of a collected multitude, and the splendid display of brilliant equipage, could add to the magnificence of resplendent days, and extensive prospects, then might it be said that the gladdened face of nature had condescended to seek embellishment from the vicinity of Oswestry. Our elegant lady patroness, Miss Charlotte Williams Wynne, shone with peculiar lustre, and diffused a spirit of gaiety that was caught and confirmed by the concordant feelings of the whole company. There might one see love and beauty comingling in the mystic dance to brighten every eye and gladden every heart. It is difficult to avoid the language of bombast, in using terms that are barely adequate to the splendour of the spectacle and the festivity of the meeting. Among the numerous contributors to this constellation of wit and beauty, we noticed the lovely and bewitching Lady Dungannon, and her festive lord, the amiable and sprightly Misses Cunliffe, with their lively and accomplished friend the sweetly pretty Miss Harriet Williams Wynne, the fair and elegant daughter of our respected Steward, Owen Ormsby, Esq. the gaily blooming Miss Joddrell, the charming and fascinating Mrs Rowland Wingfield, with the much admired Misses Lloyd of Aston, Kynastons, Bevans, Mytton, Herberts, Venables, Dobb, and other beauties too many to be enumerated, and too excellent to be described.

For the ensuing year were named Lord Dungannon, and the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, as our stewards; and it was with peculiar pleasure, that we heard the intesesting Miss Owen of Woodhouse, announced as the succeeding lady patroness, more especially, when we reflect on the alarming accident that had nearly snatched her from us, together with her cheerful and engaging sister, and had almost deprived us of the lives of their brother, and the fashionable Mr. E. Davenport; for returning from the ball on Monday last, their carriage was overturned into the canal, and themselves with difficulty rescued from a watery grave, by the timely exertions and intrepidity of a passing pigman.

Oswestry, Sept. 29, 1803.

EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

IN the park at Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Charles Tynne, Bart is erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse.

The monument is adorned with the various trappings and accoutrements, in which that animal is commonly arrayed; and in the centre are the following lines.

"To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
These stones are erected.
What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished.
His Deportment was graceful, nay noble;
The Ladies admired, and followed him;
By Application, he gained Applause.
His Abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
The Divine, the Lawyer, and the Statesman,
Into his own smooth track.
Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the Cavaliers
Would not have refused his Assistance, for to the Reins
Of due Government he was always obedient.
He was a Favourite, yet at Times felt
The wanton lash of lawless Power.
After a Life of laborious Servitude, performed, like Clarendon's,
With unimpeached Fidelity,
He, like that great Man, was turned out of Employment,
Stript of all his Trappings, without Place or Pension:
Yet, being endued with a generous forgiving temper, saint-like,
Not dreading Futurity, he placidly met the hand
Appointed to be his Assassin.
Thus he died—an Example to all Mortals under
The wide, expanded Canopy of Heaven."

A TYGER.

A PARTY of gentlemen proceeding on horseback a few days since from Tannah, to visit the Kanara caves, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, descried, near Tulsey, a tyger descending towards them, from a distant hill; he shortly after made his appearance at the foot of the path leading to the caves, close to one of the gentlemen, the foremost of the party. The tyger evincing every appearance of preparing to spring upon a pointer dog near to him, the gentleman called out to his companions; when the animal instantly shrunk from his attempt, squatted himself upon his haunches, and fixed his eyes furiously and stedfastly upon him for some seconds; and, upon the exclamation being repeated, growlingly turned from the foot-path into an adjoining jungle. The dog upon which the tyger had seemingly fixed for his prey, stood petrified with affright, and has been ever since in a dejected state. A second pointer dog that was in the rear, roused by his master's exclamations, ran forward, and penetrated the jungle through which the tyger had passed; in a moment after, the dog was heard

heard to give one ho l, and nothing more was seen of him. On the following day, the party proceeded armed, in quest of the tyger, and on entering the jungle in question, they discovered the remains of the poor dog, distant not more than six paces from the foot path where they first encountered this royal beast. The tyger appeared to be much pressed with hunger; and it may be deemed a most fortunate occurrence, fate had so decreed, that the preference which these animals invariably give to canine over human flesh, should have had its opportunity of being gratified in this instance.

Calcutta, Dec. 2, 1802.

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Continued from Page 38.)

"GOOD Heavens," exclaimed Goody Cubate, "what is come unto me; what is the matter! I cannot think, for my part; for my dear Chanticleer I have not heard all this blessed morning long. I loved him as my own self, and have been his loving dame these eight long, long years; and, since the day he was a year old, he has never missed crowing one single morning. He was as good and as sure as a clock; he always crowed at one o'clock, and every hour after till he got up: and here I have not heard him this whole blessed morning long. What the matter is, I tremble every joint of me to think."

Starting from her bed, as soon it was light, she dressed herself as well as she could. "Pray stick this pin for me, child," said she to Kitty, her daughter, "for I am in such a fearful taking, I cannot half dress myself. Let me get out, and see what is the matter. I long to know; yet, Oh how I dread to open the door! for, if he is dead, or if he is stolen, I am ruined for ever."

Thus lamenting, Goody Cubate, sallied forth to her little hen-house. She opened the door; but neither her favourite Chanticleer, nor one of his wives were visible: prowling reynard had made a small hole through the wall, and taken them all away, save one hen only, which had fallen among some pieces of wood, and was safe, out of the reach of the enemy.

The mournful cries, and loud lamentations of the poor Widow Cubate, brought about her several of her neighbours, who began to condole with her on her loss, by telling her, that had a stick been nailed here, and another there, then her poultry had been safe. But the afflicted widow paid no regard to such stupid tattle, but made an oration in praise of her favourite, as follows—

"Oh, alas! neighbours, why do you talk of this and that? I am undone, for ever undone! my fine fellow, my strutting Chanticleer, that every body admired, that every body loved, and that my soul doated upon? Oh, neighbours, he is gone, for ever gone! See where the artful thief, the cunning rogue of a fox, entered, and robbed me of my all, whilst I was peaceably laid in my bed, and asleep: I thought of no such a *rinsiderous* enemy. Five of his mates, his loving companions, are carried off likewise; they, too, have shared the same *faterality*. And, indeed, neighbours, it is well for them; for had they been left behind, they would every one have died with a broken heart; they would have most sorely lamented him, pined away, and died. Oh,

Oh, he was the sweetest fellow ever the sun *shined* upon! his voice was as clear as a bell, as shrill as a trumpet, and more *sweeterer* than all the birds in the wood! How the dear fellow would clap his wings, and crow against a shower. I shall certainly die with grief, neighbours, if of nothing else. If I do not die so, I shall be starved to death, now he is gone; for he was my support, the staff, the prop of my *rexistence*. Far and near did folks come begging and praying to me for eggs to breed by; and would give me any thing that I could *ax*. Then, my chickens, you all know, made me a world of money; for people would have them. I warrant you, neighbours, there was never a bad egg passed from my hands; every egg a bird, you may depend upon that. Three score and five chickens I had last year, of my spring brood, and more than seventy in my summer brood, besides thirty winter chicks. Then, all the folks round about, had a *power* of my dear sweet fellow's breed; so that I could, at one time, and with my own poor head, count above five hundred of his dear children, as I may call them. And he is gone! Oh, alas the day, that I should ever live to see it! These, neighbours, are two of his dear, beautiful gold feathers; these are all that I shall ever see of him again. I will keep them to my dying day. Let me live to see revenge on the fox. Let me, before I die, see his rogue's jacket well peppered, and torn to pieces by the dogs, and then I shall die contented. Oh! that the dear hounds would come tattling this very moment, and surprise the *trassassin*, now his vile carcase is full with the spoils of his thievery and murder. O! that the sweet creatures would come; I would run five miles, to see him torn and mangled to death."

During the old woman's oration, Farmer Grumble came up, and, hearing her earnest wishes for the hounds, said, "Nay, Goody Cubate, you need not beg and pray for their coming; for they will come soon enough. Do not complain, Widow; make yourself easy. Better an old cock, and a few hens, should be carried away, in the night, than my pastures should be torn up, and my wheat trampled into the earth, by a pack of noisy hounds, and galloping horses, in the day."

The old woman's passions were aroused: she was incapable of bearing any reproof. She replied, "I do not care a farthing for your grumbling. I well remember what ado you made last year, and cried the hounds and hunting folk *has* done me twenty pounds damage! yet they only trampled one corner of your wheat field a little; and when harvest *comed*, never was finer nor *betterer* wheat seen to grow out of the earth. See here, neighbour, said I, here is charming corn; the sun never *shined* over any *more better* than this. Yet what a growling and grumbling was made about the pretty hounds. But some folks, said I again, are never easy, nor contented, full nor fasting. I do wish, and I will wish, that the pretty creatures may come, and chase the old fox over that very field again." Farmer Grumble walked off; and Kitty thus addressed her mother.

"Why don't you, mother, send the Squire a letter, and let him know your losses, and how the old fox has used you; and beg and pray him to come with all his horses and dogs, and kill the wicked thief that has ruined you and me."

"Ay, child," replied the Widow, "that I would do, and glad; but it is not for poor folks, like me, to send any words or letters to the rich and great. I warrant you, Farmer

Farmer Grumble, as rich and as big as he is, dare as well eat his feet, as *parsume* to send the squire a letter, though all his hens, and lambs into the bargain, were carried off by the fox."

"Well, but mother," returned Kitty, "if you may not send to the squire, you may to the huntsman; for he is not a gentleman, though he go as fine as one. He looks a most charming good humoured soul as ever lived, and his voice is so sweet, it does one's heart good to hear it."

"You say well," said Goody; "for if he be not as good a conditioned soul as ever broke a bit of bread, his looks belie him the more; and nothing upon earth can be sweeter than his note, now my sweet fellow is dead and gone. But I cannot write, though I can read and spell as well as some of my betters."

"But there are those that can write," return'd Kitty, "and will write for you, if you desire it.—There is Miss Trippet, I'm *sartan* will do such a job for you, at half a word's speaking."

"That is true, again," replied Goody, "and her father will not take it amiss, should he hear about it; for he loves the hounds as his own dear life. So I'll say no more about it: I will not *parcastrate* a moment, but do it now my blood is up. There is three farthings for a sheet of paper: and give my love and *sarvice* to Miss Trippet, and beg her to be so good, and so kind, as to step down, and write a letter for me. Mind what you are about now, Kitty, and speak prettily; and beg the favour of a wafer or two. I will step in and study what to say."

Very serious and thoughtful, the widow now entered her humble dwelling. She was going to seat herself, in order to call up her ideas, by meditation and reflection, to make her hard case known to the good natured huntsman in suitable terms; but casting her eyes upon the cupboard, her favourite song met her sight. Black-eyed Susan she had known for fifty years, and probably had sung the song four thousand times during that period. The sight of this her favourite ditty renewed her sorrows, and, consequently, her lamentations. "Ay, said she, "there you may now stick, you and the rest of my pretty ditties; you can now no more afford me consolation. I have loved a good old song as well as a cup of tea, or a good dinner; but my singing days are now at an end: for all the comforts, the delights, the *solracies*, of my heart, are now over, now my pretty Chanticleer, my king, and hero, is dead and gone. Oh! he was the most *delightsomest* and *sensiblest* creature, sure enough, upon the face of the earth. I think I see him now! How he would strut and swagger about the house; yet I warrant, when I set up one of my ditties, he would stand still as a stone, poor dear soul, and listen to my voice. Oh! how delighted, how ravished he always was with pleasure, at the sound of his poor old dame's notes. He would never leave the house whilst my song lasted, unless one of his loving mates gave a cry and call of alarm; then he would fly like lightening to see what was the matter, to comfort and to advise her. He was never forgetful or neglectful of his mates, but loved and cherished them every soul as he did himself. Then he would mount the old pales there, and clap his dear beautiful wings, and crow till all the village rung with the charming sound! Thus the Widow Cubate continued lamenting her loss, till Kitty returning

ing with the sheet of paper, and Miss Trippet the amanuensis, put a stop to her mourning.

Miss Trippet was a sprightly farmer's daughter, aged nineteen, and full of health and spirits. Miss Trippet opened her rosy lips, ere she reached the old woman, and said—"Dear me, Goody Cubate, how sorry I am for your loss. But pray do not be dead-hearted; do not cast down yourself too much. My mamma says, she will give you a cock and a pullet, both hatched from your own eggs; so you will still have some of your favourite Chanticleers breed: and you may depend on mamma's speaking a good word for you wherever she goes. Pray do not despair, Goody; for your loss will be made up to you one way or other, depend upon that. And I *axt* mamma's opinion about what Kitty said *consarning* writing a letter to send to the huntsman of the Squire's hounds; mamma said as how I might do as I *likt* about writing the letter, and you might do as you *likt* about sending it. '*Howsumever*,' says mamma again, 'how *her* writing, I mean,' said she, 'how *your* writing, or her sending a letter, can answer any purpose, or do her any good, I cannot think; for the huntsman will only laugh at the letter, and pay no more respect to it, than I do to the gabbling of the geese yonder. Moreover, and besides,' said mamma again, 'you may be *sartan*, and Goody Cubate may be *sartan*, you may both rest content and depend upon it, that the huntsman will never be so *timmerous* as to show his master, the squire, the letter, nor ever so much as tell him that he ever received such a letter, or ever heard a word of the matter. Nevertheless, child,' said she, 'you may go, and do as you like. Your father,' said she—for my mamma, Goody, always says father, which I hate to hear, because it is so vulgar, but my mamma has not much *partiteness* to spare—'your father,' said she, 'will be glad to see the hounds, should they come, that I very well know; and perhaps will lame one of the best horses by galloping after them. Nevertheless, you may all do as you like best. *Howsumever*, tell Goody Cubate what I say; and do you go and hear what the poor creature has got to say, for I am heartily sorry for her loss.' So mamma *went* to weighing the cheese, and I took up my box of wafers, and am come to hear what you have to say, Goody."

"I can never tell you, Miss Trippet," said the old woman, "all I have to say; it is a *moral impossible*, my griefs are so many, and my *sensarations* are so *haccute*. But to make short of the matter, Miss Trippet, I must seek some revenge on the old fox, that cruel *variatious* thief, or I shall die. Therefore, my sweet Miss, my dear creature, have the kindness and *composition* to write as I shall indite, and make no scruples nor quandaries about it. You know very well, my dear Miss, that the hounds will put your papa into a good skin for a week or two afterwards; and you know that our fair is just at hand: and if he be put into a good skin, and one of his best humours, then he will not say much should you pick up a sweet-heart, and stay an hour or two longer than common. Ay, ay—you may smile Miss. You are old enough to have a sweet-heart, I hope. Ay, ay—and you think so too; and I know who has a monstrous fancy to be in your company at the fair. But that is not all, Miss. Here has been Farmer Grumble; and he has had the *callosity* of heart to sneer at my great losses. Therefore, to hear him growl, to see him lower and pout, as the pretty hounds tattle over his fields,

fields, will rejoice the very marrow in my old bones; and to think they are *perusing* the rapturous glutton, and will take *conderine* punishment for carrying away my sweet and delightful Chanticleer; this will *haxilirate* my spirits so, that I shall feel young again. I beg, therefore, Miss, that you will have the kindness to write me a letter to the huntsman without more words."

(To be continued.)

DRIVERS OF MAIL CARTS, &c.

Clerkenwell Sessions,

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25.

JAMES YEOWELL was indicted for an assault upon John Spilsbury. This was a case of considerable importance; as it teaches the drivers of mail coaches and carts that they are liable to punishment, for every accident that may happen from the fury with which they drive along the streets.

John Spilsbury, the prosecutor, deposed that he was passing along St. James's-street on the 30th of July last, together with his wife, children, and others; as he was turning the corner of Ryder-street, the mail-cart, driven by the defendant, came up at a furious rate. The driver, as he was passing, wantonly lifted up his lash, and gave the prosecutor a blow, which cut his cheek from the ear down to the chin. The witness followed the cart to the Gloucester Coffee-house, where it stopt. He asked the defendant the reason of such usage; but received an indifferent evasive answer. This determined him to bring the offender to justice.

Joseph Spilsbury said, that he was in company with the prosecutor at the time of the assault, and stated the circumstances in the same manner as the preceding witness. The assault appeared to him to have been wantonly committed.

Mr. ALLEY, as counsel for the defendant, contended that the injury sustained by the prosecutor was purely the effect of accident. The driver of the mail cart was obliged by contract, to drive from the General Post Office, to the Gloucester Coffee-house, a space of two miles and three quarters, in seventeen minutes, which obliged them to proceed with considerable velocity. The horse was restive, and apt to plunge and run back, especially at the turning of corners; for which reason, whenever a corner was to be turned, the driver was accustomed to lash the horse, and in this manner the plaintiff accidentally suffered the injury of which he complained. To prove this statement, he called

John Cooper, the mail guard, who deposed to the circumstances mentioned by the learned counsel; and was positive, that if the driver did at all strike the prosecutor, it was purely the effect of accident. He was in the cart, and had blown his horn, as usual, to give warning of their coming.

The owner of the cart then stepped forward, and requested, that though he was called by neither party as a witness, he might be permitted to explain some circumstances to the court, as there was in evidence a gross perversion of the truth, which he could not patiently hear in silence. Being then sworn, he deposed, that the horse in question, instead of being restive, was remarkably quiet; that the defendant had confessed to him, that the cut was designedly given to the prosecutor. There were at the time three persons in the cart who were abusing his horse, whereas none ought to have been in it except the driver and the guard.

There was no public regulation whatever about driving along the streets, which he would prove by several witnesses, if necessary.

Mr. Mainwaring, the Chairman, observed, that it was impossible there could be any regulation sanctioned by any public authority, with regard to the velocity with which the mail was to drive along the streets. He was going to tell the Jury, before the last witness appeared, that, admitting the defence set up, the defendant, though he had no malicious intention, was yet liable to punishment for the effects of his careless conduct. He himself had witnessed several accidents, that had happened from the furious driving of mail coaches along the streets, and he was sorry that such cases were not oftener brought before the court. It was proper that persons concerned with mail coaches and carts, should be taught that they were not paramount to the law, and that the lives of the subjects of this country were not to be wantonly endangered.

The Jury immediately returned their verdict—*Guilty*.—The defendant was sentenced to imprisonment for two months.

CRUELTY TO HORSES;

OR,

A Man punished, notwithstanding the common maxim, "That a person has a right to do as he pleases with his own!!!"

LATELY, a hackney coachman belonging to No. 83. was summoned before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, charged with cruelly beating, and ill-treating one of his horses. It appeared, on the evidence of three respectable gentlemen, who came forward from motives of humanity, that one of the horses fell down; on which the defendant jumped from off the coach box, and began to flog the poor animal most unmercifully; and, not giving him time to get up, he dragged him along with the other horse which was to the coach. On being spoken to on the impropriety of his brutal behaviour, he made use of very improper language, alledging at the same time, that the horses were his own, and that he could use them as he pleased; and if he run one of them through, what was that to any one, as himself must be the loser. On being asked by the Lord Mayor what he had to say for himself? He answered, that the horse was lame, and very stubborn, and that he flogged him to get up. On which the Lord Mayor gave him a severe reprimand, telling him, at the same time, that his defence was rather an aggravation of his crime. His Lordship was going to fine him forty shillings; but in consideration of his having a wife and four children, after giving him a good admonition, and thanking the gentlemen who came forward to bring such a man to justice, with consent of the complainant, he forgave him, on condition of his publicly begging the gentlemens' pardon, making a public acknowledgement of his fault, and promising never to be guilty of a similar offence in future.

AN EXTRAORDINAY MARRIAGE.

LATELY was married, Mr. Thomas Dussy, a respectable farmer, of Eperstone, near Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, to Miss Grame, a lady of fortune, in the county of Westmoreland. The annals of matrimony scarce afford a more singular instance of unwearied

ried attachment than the above: the parties were known to each other in youth, and became mutually enamoured, but the unrelenting opposition of parents broke off the match. Mr. D. formed another connection; he married, and was the father of several children, and became a widower; his first love was again, by correspondence, renewed, again frustrated; by the same means he sought consolation in the arms of a second wife, his family again increased, and he a second time became a widower. His first flame, still unextinguished, once more renewed, and former obstacles being extinct, after a lapse of twenty-five years, without ever seeing each other in the interval, this couple have at length been united.

A MARRIAGE TRULY MYSTERIOUS.

THE following are the extraordinary particulars of a case brought before a French tribunal at Garonne, in September last.

"A young peasant of the department of l'Arriege, named La F——, fell desperately in love with a girl, aged twenty-one years, of the commune of Cassaigne. He saw that there were many obstacles to his obtaining her in marriage. Her parents were rich, and he possessed nothing. He at length devised a new mode of marrying her without the consent of her parents; and what is more, *without her own!*

He presented himself, accompanied by a person in woman's apparel, before the Mayor of St. Girons. He produced the necessary papers, and with them a certificate, of the banns having been published in the commune where the girl resided. His marriage with Marie A——, was in consequence established by the civil magistrate. The parties then withdrew, taking with them the official act of the celebration of the marriage. Being provided with this piece, the bridegroom repaired to Cassaigne, and presented himself before her parents, claimed the girl as his wife. Nothing could exceed the surprise of the parents, the girl, and her brothers. She declared that she knew nothing, had consented to nothing, and that she was not married. She went before a notary to protest against this pretended marriage, and gave a power of attorney to her brother to proceed at law in her behalf. On inquiry, it was found that the certificate of the publication of the banns was forged, and that in fact no such banns had been published. A complaint was lodged before the magistrate, and a commissary of government was ordered to take up the cause, and direct the prosecution. More than two months were consumed in the inquiry, whether it was Marie A—— that had figured at the marriage, or whether it was another person. During this interval, circumstances furnished La F—— with opportunities of seeing the girl whom he claimed as his wife. The result of these interviews was, that she quitted her family, and went to live with him, stating publicly that she was his wife.

The officer who was charged with the pursuance of the suit, discovered at length where La F—— lived, and found the young lady in his company. She declared, that being united to him by the tie of marriage, she had sworn an eternal love, and would follow him to the end of the world. The officer, however, fulfilled his duty. He arrested La F——, and placed him in prison at Toulouse. Then commenced the usual proceedings: La

F—— underwent a first interrogatory; he asserted that there was no disguise in the matter; and, that the girl who had followed him to prison, was the same that he had married, and the same from whom he had the certificate of the publication of the banns at Cassaigne. The young lady desired also to be examined. She declared herself to be his lawful wife. She retracted the protest made before the notary, as well as the power of attorney given to her brother. She said that these steps were taken at the instance of her brother, and to avoid his fury, at a time when he threatened to kill her. The certificate, she said, she had from a person she would not name, who took pity on her situation, and lent an aid to surmount the obstacles which opposed her marriage. She said, that though of full age, she did not dare to oppose the will of her brother; that she was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, and that she availed herself of the first moment of liberty to throw herself into the arms of her husband. In consequence of this declaration, she was held to be an accomplice, and was put under confinement. At length, after three months, the young couple were brought to the bar, and the affair submitted to trial. The act of accusation was read, and the witnesses examined. The public officer, whose writing and signature had been counterfeited, declared the certificate to be a forgery. Some persons skilled in the comparison of hand-writing deposed to the same effect. The mayor of St. Girons, and his secretary, with the witnesses present at the marriage, agreed unanimously in saying, that the girl at the bar was not the person who appeared with the accused La F—— as his bride, and with whom his marriage had been celebrated. The young lady persisted in her story. She pointed out the mayor and his secretary; she described the furniture of the chamber where the marriage took place; she related some particular circumstances and expressions which occurred at the time; she recognized all the parties present, and described them by their several names and occupations.

The commissary of government, in pursuing the cause, stated that the latter depositions of the girl, were nothing more than so many officious falsehoods, calculated to save the man to whom, by a tardy caprice, she had surrendered her person. It was evident, that his hardy enterprie had touched her feelings, and induced her to recall her first declarations. But as the accusation against her was founded solely on her own act, and as she had nothing reprehensible in the eye of the law, he prayed that she might be discharged.

With respect to the forgery, it was, he said, in full proof. It did not appear to have been committed by La F——, as he knew not how to read or write. But he had made use of it, knowing it to be forged, and could not escape from the consequences. The accused was defended with warmth and talent by a young advocate. An able lawyer was retained for the young woman; but her discharge rendered it unnecessary for him to plead. The tribunal pronounced La F—— guilty, and subjected him to the punishment prescribed by the law.

This cause, by its singularity, collected an immense concourse of people, who felt a most lively interest for the young parties. Every one spoke in their favour. They are both handsome, of a prepossessing figure, and on the trial they shewed much firmness and presence of mind. Every one desired to see them happy, and forgot the violation

violation of the laws, on seeing, on the one hand, a young man deeply in love, employing the most daring, and at the same time ingenious means to obtain the object of his passion; and on the other, a young woman, insensible at first, but subdued by the proofs of so violent an attachment, of which she at length partook so far, as to endure with him eight months of imprisonment. After the judgment, she declared, that she would never forsake him, and that she would follow him even to the gallies.

It now appears that La F—— ventured on this hardy enterprise without her knowledge, and that it was a young man of his acquaintance, dressed in a female habit, who appeared before the mayor and municipal officers, and represented the girl whom he intended to marry; but that in the subsequent interviews which he had with Marie A——, he managed so dexterously, as to succeed in inspiring her with a mutual passion.

MODERN DUELS;

AND

CURIOUS CHALLENGE.

HINTS to the seconds in duels. With a little water you must make some gunpowder into fine paste, then roll it into balls, dry them, and rub them over with pencil, to give them the appearance of lead; these you must substitute for those brought by your principals. Remember, in ramming them down, to break them into dust. You should also take an opportunity of giving the hat of one of the combatants a hard pinch with a bullet mould. After the parties have fired, which will have been as is the custom, together, you must shew the mark, and swear you saw the bullet strike, and with great warmth, insist upon it, that the wearer must not only have heard the ball, but also have felt his hat shake. You must not allow him to deny it, if he should at first, which is very improbable; he will not do so long. The writer having practised it more than once with a happy success, he now recommends it to those gentlemen who may be engaged to see their friends fight, and do not wish them to commit murder.

A few weeks since, a son of the Whip, or in other words, a coachman to a lady of fashion, was brought before the sitting magistrate to answer to a complaint exhibited by a milkman, for challenging him. The challenge was couched in the following terms:

"Sir, I have profs of your behing a moust insolent, tradgis, ignorant, mischiefsmaking scoundril, one that trobles themselves with things that don't consarn you, therefore I wish for no farder recompens, than to meet you to murrow mornin, at 8 in the first fild, at the end of Backer Streete, I mean to give you your chois, therefore provide yourself with powder and ball; you will be a coward if you don't come forward."

This curious epistle was delivered over night at the complainant's house, and forgot to be given to him. In the morning, about ten o'clock, honest Whip called in a violent passion, because *Sky Blue* had not the courage to meet him, and producing a brace of pistols, threatened to chastise him wherever he should meet him. The charge being clearly made out, the magistrate ordered Jarvis to find bail.

THE

THE OLD MARE'S SADDLE.

SIR ROGER TWISDEN, of Bradbourn, in the county of Kent, had three beautiful daughters, Mary, Ann, and Eliza; their mother dying in the prime of her life, these young ladies were deprived of a most tender, accomplished, and virtuous preceptor; and the over-fondness of a liberal hearted fox-hunting father, left them to pursue their own inclinations in all things, relating to the formation of that conduct and sentiment, which alone dignifies the higher walks of life, and distinguishes the truly gentle from the ridiculous proud, the upstart insolent, and the vain: not that there existed a predominating vice in any one of these fair sisters; on the contrary, their nature was mild—

"As the breath of Zephyrus, while he kisses summer roses;"

but, conversing principally in their own confined circle, thirty miles from the capital, they had determined for themselves respecting future events, and nothing but violence could untie their resolutions. Matrimony they had no objection to embrace, whenever husbands might be found suitable to their condition and rank in life; but, as a drawback upon this condescension, our feminine triumvirate possessed in a high degree that unconscionable principle, of holding the whole of domestic government in their own hands; without submitting at any time, to the check-rein of the lord paramount of the hymeneal manor; ever laughing at our provincial maxim—

The male is master, and to make him less,
Confounds creation, and creates distress.

No, they admitted of no such tyranny, no such superiority, and their conversations on the subject often called up from gravity and experience this seasonable remark:

Spinsters' husbands, and batchellors' wives,
Are always well-bred, till the parson contrives.
A moon or two after, spouse thinks on his charter,
And Ma'am finds Adonis the son of a Tartar.

To be more explicit, we shall subjoin a few of their resolutions in case of matrimony, and at once shew the propriety of corrective interposition.

"The man I marry," said Mary, "shall first convince me he possesses that docility of temper, which leads him to be as attentive after the nuptial ceremony, as he was before submissive."

"I have formed a similar resolution," cried sister Ann, "with this adjunct, he shall swear never to direct my conduct, contrary to my inclinations."

"That is right," rejoined Eliza, "and it is on these conditions only I have made up my mind to receive a yoke-fellow *durante vita*."

The ladies had scarce opened their minds to each other, when Sir Roger entered the drawing-room, whistling the Early Horn. "Well Mary," said he, "I have rare news for you, girl; Sir William Honeywood and myself have just settled the affair, and Parson Goodenough is to marry you to your old sweet-heart, the young baronet, to-morrow."

Mary could not reply; she hung down her head and blush'd compliance; and Sir Roger being hastily called to the stables, left the three maidens to meditate on the approaching ceremony.

"Remember Mary to have your way in all things," said Ann.

"Do not suffer yourself to be contradicted

contradicted at any time," rejoin'd Eliza, "and be sure to retain the power, to negative whatever he may urge to displease you; above all, make him sign to these articles, or go not with him to the altar," vociferated both together.

"It shall be so," replied Mary, "and I will instantly prepare them for signing, and not abate Mr. Honeywood one iota for a Michaelmas moon*."

To keep my reader no longer in suspence, the schedule was prepared, and the lover signed it with a smile, tacitly resolving at a convenient season, to convince his mistress of the unreasonableness of all she had exacted. The marriage was celebrated, and the young esquire retired with his lovely Mary to Honeywood castle, one of the sweetest situations in the whole county of Kent.

A moon had now gone by, and the sounds of rejoicing forgot, when Mrs. Honeywood, demanded in an unpleasant way, a visit to Bradbourn; the Squire had his objections, and refused to comply; when a disputation succeeded, where the chords of harmony were strained rather to an extreme. "It is the first article in the engagement," said the lady, "and I have determined on a visit to my father and my sisters. Mr Honeywood paused, but replied not, but rung the bell in haste, and gave orders to bring out the old mare and the large saddle. The Squire mounted first, and the lady behind him. The morning was gloomy, and the mare feeble; the roads were heavy, and the husband surly; and what was rather uncommon, the lady was dumb from Honeywood castle to Bradbourn—the distance was 12 miles — and as the sable clouds began to scatter their contents, perplexity added to the murkyness of the scene: the poor aged quadruped groaned sadly beneath her burden; the master whipped and spurred in vain: at length, in the mid-way of an extensive common,

"Down Dobbin fell, and o'er her crazy frame
Tumbled the master, and the trembling dame—

when the enraged Honeywood drew a pistol from the holster, and instantly deprived his old servant of existence; the lady screamed, no help was at hand. "Good God," she cried, "Mr. Honeywood, what is to be done?" "We must walk," he replied surlily, "the other six miles, to Bradbourn." "And what is to become of the old mare's saddle?" "You must carry it," continued the husband. "O the brute! O the monster!" vociferated the lady. By this time, he had taken the saddle from the dead animal, and was preparing to strap it to his wife's shoulders; she cast it to the ground with indignation. Mr. Honeywood instantly drew the other pistol, and looking, as when he shot the mare, bade her take it up again; she trembled at the attitude he stood in, and at the fire of his eye. She dropt some tears, and patiently took up the saddle; and away they journeyed slow and sadly towards Bradbourn.

Here let me pause—I know my fair country women will reprobate the tale, and perhaps, despise me for being its purveyor; but, be patient, sweet children of Eve; if a little evil be done, that much good may come of it, the balance

* In Cawdor Castle, there still exists the marriage articles of a daughter of a Highland Chieftain; in which, her father engages to give with her, one half a Michaelmas moon; that is, one half the plunder for a month, when the nights grow long, to favour predatory excursions.

claims

claims reward, and society a convert;

"And if the change from reason spring,
'Tis wisdom clips the wanton wing."

The old hall at Bradbourn was roused at the approach of the Squire and his new help-mate; who, to the astonishment of all that beheld her, exhibited a most woeful spectacle, tottering and sinking beneath the saddle; in a moment, Mrs. Honeywood was released, and embraced by her sisters; with whom, we shall leave her to that sort of consolation she had by this time a right to receive.

By Sir Roger's command, every dainty was prepared, and Mr. Richards the butler, requested to tap the best October with all speed. The lads and the lasses of the villages, were presently as merry as a good heart could wish them; there was rare eating for the farmers; and wine for the parson. In brief, every where displayed that glorious hospitality, that so long distinguished our liberal forefathers, and, which was put aside only, at the coming in of our Caledonian placemen, for that kind of œconomy which disgraces a great nation, and only becomes the rough mountaineer, whose nature has withheld these bounties. That glorious hospitality, for which the ancient family of the Twisdens have been celebrated, ever since they first set footing in our county.

Having left the great hall for the ladies' parlour, the selected company were all seated, and the coffee prepared. The younger sisters being in full possession, of all that had passed between Honeywood castle and Bradbourn, began in a sarcastical way to attack the silent Squire; and this they continued, till their wit became more rampant than their reason; and now warmed by resentment, they reprobated the husband in language almost beyond propriety, while they commiserated the tame sufferings of the wife.

"Sister," exclaimed Eliza, "if ever my husband should attempt to treat me as your's has done, I will resist to the last—I will expire before I submit to such tyranny."

"And I will do more," cried Ann. "Sooner than bend to such brutality I will take his life."

"Ha, ha!" replied Mrs. Honeywood, with a modest smile, "Sisters, you have not yet carried the old mare's saddle."

The Squire, who saw and heard her complacency, mantled with inexpressible rapture, he caught the fair hand of his reformed, his prudent, and sensible Mary; and kissing it eagerly in presence of all the company, declared, "that though the remedy had been violent, he saw the cure would be lasting; therefore, the whole of his life to come, should be employed to convince his dear Mary, he was deserving of so much beauty, condescension, and good sense."

Sir Roger approved the means of reformation, and told the unmarried girls in his rough and honest way, "if ever they attempted to wear the breeches, he hoped their husbands would find spirit enough, like young Honeywood, to make them carry the old mare's saddle."

Girls to your duty then, nor strive for pow'r,
Yield it the man, 'tis his by nature's dow'r:
Form'd to defend, 'tis his to guard your lives;
And your's with reason, to be humble wives.
Do this, and never fear, all faint to paddle
Through dirty ways, and bear the Old Mare's Saddle.

A MAN OF KENT.

SHOOTING

SHOOTING SPIRITUALIZED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AS a short specimen how religion and recreation may go hand in hand, accept the following, made by a dear friend of mine in a distant county, in a morning's excursion. He is one who I believe to be a Christian in earnest, and as such, the inner room of his heart is reserved for the Almighty, while the outer court of it is the common resort of lawful desires that may come and go; but in the other God has his fixed habitation, here in faith, hereafter in glory. If you think it will enrich your magazine, please to allot it a place at your leisure, which will give pleasure, to, Sir,

Your obliged and faithful reader,

RUSTICULA.

HOW to use this world without abusing it, is a consideration that should claim our utmost attention and regard, especially since the general practice of the present state of men, makes the use and abuse of worldly pleasures constantly accompany each other. Recreation is most certainly necessary for the body, as contemplation is for the soul; and unless we keep our clay cottage in order, its glorious inhabitant will never exert its faculties as it ought. Let us then spiritualize our recreations; that, whatever we do, whatever amusements we are in pursuit of, they may tend to the glory of God. To illustrate my meaning, take the following thoughts, which offered themselves to me in a late morning's walk, which I took, with my gun in my hand.

On charging the fowling-piece, we may look on the shot as a lively representation of mankind, who are sluggish and unable of themselves to do any thing, till, actuated and enlivened by spiritual fire, they are enabled to press forward to the mark of the high calling of God; they have then power to pursue the way of his commandments, when he has set their hearts at liberty. When the piece is discharged, some of the shot fly wide of the object aimed at, occasioned by cavities and flaws in them; so many a Christian has in him a deceitful heart of unbelief, which makes him depart from the living God.

Some shot, on account of their lightness, drop short of the mark; thus, likewise, Christians, though they all have a promise of eternal rest, yet many of them come short of it, being weighed in the balance, and found lighter than vanity itself. Part of the shot are sometimes rendered ineffectual, being intercepted by twigs or thorns, and turned out of the right and straight way; thus, worldly cares, or riches, often interpose, and cut us off from that which ought to be the chief end of all our wishes, the chief object of all our desires.

Others fly above, and go beyond the mark; to which they may fitly be compared who are actuated with a fiery zeal, void of knowledge, and not according to godliness; wild enthusiasts, who are for finding out ways of their own, in the mean time neglecting the plain means of salvation instituted by the church of Christ; soaring in the clouds, and aspiring, till, lost in airy mazes of their own imagination, they at length drop to the earth.

By much the greatest number of the shot fall short of the end for which they are designed; and, after completing their airy flight, are for ever lost, beyond the power of man to collect and make use of them again. Thus, when we have finished our

course, our doom is determined, beyond a possibility of ever setting forward again in the race of Christianity. When the shot are once discharged from the mouth of the piece, it is too late to recal them, till they fall of themselves, having spent their force. Thus, when we are born into the world, we must run either in the way of God or the flesh, there is no standing still; we must persevere till the fire of our life is extinguished, and ceases to act upon us; then we return again to our earth, and all our thoughts perish.

The skilful marksman directs all his shot equally straight to the object he aims at. Christ shews all the path of life; would have all men to be saved. Sometimes it happens that the mark is entirely missed, not a single shot coming near it: this, likewise, has its parallel; they are all gone out of the way, there is none that doeth good, no not one. Lastly, the few shot that strike the mark are the only ones that are to be esteemed, and reckoned to answer the end and design of the fowler, though they have all an equal chance of success. Thus, among Christians, many are called, but few chosen. Heaven and happiness is the object we all aim at; let us all earnestly contend, to be among the number of those few who find it.

CURIOUS EXTRACT
FROM
DR. WALKER'S VOYAGE.

On the usual Effects in the Human Mind arising from the expectation of the visit of a Cannon Ball.

I HAVE had an opportunity of making some observations on sights, sounds, and the progress of balls. I have seen the approach of balls, two at a time, as well as of shells; and observed, that the report from a gun, very far outstrips the ball in its course. This is a well-established doctrine in physics; but it is contrary to the common opinion.

"The mimic thunder of the deep-mouth'd gun,
By light'ning usher'd, and by death outrun."

The sailors think, when they have heard the report of the enemy's gun, that the ball is passed, and feel as secure as we generally do, when hearing thunder after the flash of lightning. But I noticed off Algezira, that the ball came after the report, though not so long after, as the report was after the flash; and that thus death was threatened through the eye and ear, before it could possibly reach us in the shape of a ball: I could not be mistaken, for, I remember well, the alarm excited by the flash, was increased on hearing the explosion. I knew then that the ball might soon reach us, and if it did not catch my eyes, I generally heard it whizzing near. How are contrary notions to be reconciled with each other? It all depends upon distance from the place of firing. Considering the directions of balls in their progress, relatively to the earth; every projected ball, whose direction is not right up or down, describes a curve, formed by combination of the projectile force, with the earth's attraction. On that part of the curve, in which the ball is getting farther from the earth's centre, that is, until the time of its beginning to drop, its velocity will gradually diminish. Moreover, the ball and the sound do not start fair, if I may so express it, in the race: the ball gets the fore start, and generally going quickest at first, it arrives at a small distance sooner than

than the report; which is not made, till the ball is expelled from the piece, and on its way; but in a little time the sound overtakes the ball, and gets very speedily on before it.

During the coming of a whizzing ball, I have observed a general seriousness of countenance, with silence; in its passing over the vessel a smile; on its falling short, a laugh. To people not employed with something to engage the mind, it is very trying to be exposed to danger; they have time to fashion their fears into a thousand shapes. Some of them keep together, and talk, rather in a low voice, about indifferent matters: on subjects rather insipid, than either serious or laughable.

Others keep alone, and seem indifferent about what may happen; one is ashamed to appear frightened; at the same time, one is willing to get, as it were by accident, to the leeward of a mast or capstan, if the firing be to windward. In such situations, one is apt to have the company of boys belonging to the vessel, if they can contrive any thing to do there: they seem to be in a great bustle about some little business or other; but they are in fact proving to the sympathizing, and consequently the discerning passenger, that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Others, from sentiment or habit, seem to have had this first sensation almost extinguished in them. Wholly engaged in the business and bustle of the battle, they have not time to think of the danger to which they are exposed; and not suspecting fear in others, they do not discover the symptoms of it, which is so readily detected by the sympathizing, and consequently discerning passenger.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF THE CUNNING OF FOXES.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAPPENED lately to pay a visit to a friend of mine in the country, who is the Nimrod of the parish where he resides. Before dinner, as we were amusing ourselves with a walk in one of his inclosures, and viewing his excellent breed of horses, our attention was called off to a numerous flock of crows, and other birds, very clamorous in the air; they seemed to be in eager pursuit of some notorious enemy of the terrestrial kind; and now and then would dart down and attack with great bitterness and fury. As a sight of this kind was quite new to me, I was just asking what creature it could be, who thus provoked against itself the hostile commotion of the fowls of heaven; when my friend sprung away, hallooing to a brace of greyhounds, a pointer, and a couple of terriers, that attended us; and crying to me, while he pointed to the crows, "*Ecce signum.* A fox by Jupiter."

In no period of my life, could I ever boast my swiftness in running; but at this juncture, I was particularly unfortunate with the incumbrance of a pair of boots and breeches, which for their antiquity —I had almost said iniquity—might have claimed kindred to those of the famous knight of La Mancha, otherwise ycleped the redoubted Don Quixote; so that, before I could penetrate a thorn hedge, with the effusion of blood; crawl over a broad miry ditch, with the addition of some gilding to my clothes; and arrive within vision of the chase, at the expence of much respiration;

the

the sport was terminated by the capture of reynard: who, like myself, was to be sure alive, but horribly soiled, mangled, and out of breath. Then it was his feathered persecutors finished the pursuit, and dispersed to their several habitations, no doubt very well pleased, that their implacable foe had fallen into the hands of one who knew so well how to punish offenders, in two of the elements at least.

On this occasion, the joy that shone in my friend's countenance, was such, as I dare to say, could not be surpassed by that of a British General, were the fortune of war to throw into his power the sly French fox Bonaparte; who seems, however, conscious of better policy, than to quit his den, when not forced to it by the most urgent necessity. Be that as it may, having secured our prisoner, we set homeward; and by the way, fell a discoursing upon the superior cunning of foxes to all other animals known in this country. "In proof of this," said my friend, "I was witness some years ago, to a remarkable long chase with an old fox, when the hounds losing the scent, stopped short of a sudden at a solitary cottage. Every corner, cranny, and piece of furniture was narrowly ransacked, even to the smoky vent, and the kail pot on the fire; but no where could the sly rogue be discovered. By order of the huntsman, the dogs were then led off to a considerable distance, in order to attempt discovering the foot; which having effected, they run it straight back to the hut again, where their noses were finally arrested."

"Now convinced one and all of us, that he must for certain be about the house, and no where else, our astonishment at his concealing himself was only to be equalled by the difficulty of finding him; and there were not wanting some among us, particularly the huntsman, and whipper-in, who declared it as their opinion, that, unless an old woman, the lone inhabitant of the cottage, was set adrift, we should unkennel no fox there that day; believing Goody to be no other than a witch, whom, in the shape of a fox we had thus hunted into her dwelling, where she found it highly necessary to resume the human figure for the security of her person. In short, Sir," continued my friend, "we were perplexed with difficulties, that I know not what might have befallen this poor cottage, had not the huntsman roared aloud, 'Ha! now I smoke him. Are "you there niger? Gem'men, mark "the sly son of a bitch upon the "house-top." There he had dug a pit, wherein, it is most probable, he had escaped undiscovered, but for for a small portion of his back, which appearing above, and differing somewhat in colour from the turf on the roof of the house, was the cause of his detection and mortality."

"Nay," proceeded this gentleman, "as a farther instance of the singular instinct in these animals; the minister of the parish last year, was served a trick to the full as cunning, as that I have now mentioned, by a fox, which I suspect to be the very one now in custody. After devouring several of his poultry for two nights successively, the family determined to watch the enemy on the night following.— Agreeably to their wishes, he came back once more; and, though they made quick preparation to secure their prisoner, from the time the geese and hens began a gaggling and cackling, which was known to be a token of his having commenced the act of plundering and blood-shed;

shed; yet, upon entering the hen-roost with the utmost caution, my gentleman had actually found time to kill three of Mass John's fat ganders; and afterwards, to become himself invisible. The most minute search, with a variety of lights, was to no purpose; so that, imagining reynard had given them the slip, the minister had already opened the door, and was preparing to retire with his attendants, when, taking up the slaughtered geese, out stole from below them, the cunning object of their anxious exploration, and bid good-night to his enemies in full safety."

A variety of other stories, relating to foxes and the chase, this communicative gentleman entertained me with; and I know his veracity to be unquestionable. But I am afraid by this time, you will think my literary pursuit sufficiently protracted; and that it is full time now, to quit the field with my fox and hounds, in order to make room for others, being no more than justice, that "Every fox should have his shift, and every dog his day."

Holborn, Oct. 8th. J. J. B.

THE PRESENTATIONS

OF THE

Regarders of the New Forest, in the County of Southampton.

THESE were delivered into the court of our lord the king, called the Swainmote, held at Lynhurst, the 27th of June, in the 22d year of King Charles the II.—The perambulation of the aforesaid forest, made by the foresters and and regarders of the aforesaid forest, in the presence of William Powlet, Esq. steward; Robert Dillington, Bart. and Phillip Leigh, Esq. verderers of the said forest, begins at Melton Bridge, along the Avon, to the wooden trough over the Avon, where the ditch begins that divides Parson's Angle, called Hell Corner; then, by the same hedge, to Wellclose Corner; from thence, by the highway to Wellsford, or Meadsford, where a post should be set; from thence, towards the north, to the length of a certain valley, called Wollemore Bottom, to Wollemore Post; from thence, to Wyneat's Bush, growing in the highway of Markway; from thence, going up by the Markway to Brock; so to Churchstell; so to the Horseway, called Holloway; so directly to Horewithy, wherein the room of a post stands that distinguishes the land of Richard Compton, and Egydius Aycro, from the forest; so to Hedgeford, alias Hedgefield; so by the hedge, to the old passage, called Blind Lane, and the length of that lane, to the north side of the church of Bramshire, in the broadway that goes up from thence to Platford, and by that road to a little bridge, called Le Bridge; so in a direct line across inclosed fields, to the ford of Burnford; so by a little brook, to Brock Bridge; so along the said brook, to Birchwood, next adjoining to a wood, called Birchinwood; so along the said brook to Shave Water; so going up by that brook to Wittensford; so to Cadnombridge, going along by the said brook to Markford; so to Horemore; so, where the highway turns from the right to Markoak; so to the corner of a hedge in the middle, between the forest and a certain field, called Birkins; so the length of that hedge and ditch, directly to a bound post erected in the middle of the highway; so along the brook called the Bourne, which winds across the said road; so along that brook until you come to the end of a ditch, which is in the middle between the manor of Bistan Bortley, and the liberties of the wardens of

of Winchester; so directly along a certain hedge, from Goomes Corner to Pinhayis Corner; so across a green near Nashurt, to Otter's Lane; so taking Halfpenny Hurst into the forest, along the way to a ford in the valley from the opposite angle, called Bushils corner; so to a bound oak, almost consumed by age; so to Pottersford; so to the west side of Flitchwood; so along the way to a bound post in the place of an old beech, called Dyke Beech; so along the way that extends itself through the woods to a ditch, called Langley Ditch; so along a highway, to a place, called John of Farington's Close, now waste; but, there are yet to be seen where the ancient inclosure was; from thence, by the way winding from the left hand, to a square piece of ground, called riding Forrester's Booth; from thence, directly to Ipsly Corner, in which place is a bound post; from thence, by the way leading across a large lawn, to the summit of Applemore Hill; from thence, by an ancient way almost left off, to the top of Horestone Hill; anciently stray up from thence, directly by the old bank, to the corner of a certain street, called Butash Lane; so along that street beyond Butash Farm, to Carbut's Close; so along the west hedge of that close, to the ash tree growing in the middle, between each extremity of the said hedge; so along the middle, across the aforesaid close, to the corner of the hedge, on the east part of the said close; so along the aforesaid hedge, to the head, where begins the great trench; and along that trench, to Butsbridge; from thence, by following the river by Wallmore, quite to the sea; so along the sea, to Mill Lane; from thence, going up by the rivulet, to Sheepwashford; from thence, to the angle of Friney-hill ground, directly across a little hollow valley, to the great trench that excludes Cadlancoon; from thence, to the old spring, called Marked Well, near the highway leading from Hawley to Southampton; so by the said way, towards Fawley to Codland Pound, quite to the end of a little lane, now shut up, called Forster's Lane; from thence, by the hedge that divides Stablanes from Whitelands, to the lane which leads into the common of Fawley; from thence, along the south-west hedge of that common, to the farthermost corner of that hedge; from thence, along the old bank and trench to the angle, called Priest's-cross Corner; so along the hedge to Newman's Wood; so by the corner of that wood, following the hedge and double ditch to Newland's Corner; so along the same hedge to Horelands; from thence, by a dry ditch that inclosed a certain wood, called Langley Wood, to the west side of a square field inclosed with hedges, and along the hedge of that field to Forester Lane; so quite along that lane, to Ironmill Hill; so to Whitefield Lane; so to Hoe Lane; so directly to the marsh, called Dark Water, from the opposite corner of Leap Meadow; so by the extremity of the aforesaid marsh, quite to the sea; so along the sea shore, to the bound post of Sharpricks; so to the trench, called Deerditch; so from the north part of the aforesaid trench, to the highway lying contiguous to Pilewell house, where a bound post ought to be placed; and from the west side of Pilewell-house, to Shots Lane; from thence, by a certain trench to Pratstile; from thence, by the ditch of Lockland, where a new erected post shews the limits to Posts Lane; so along the west side of that lane, to Clay Pits; so to Gravel Pits; so by the ditch, called Durditch, across the highway that leads from Walhampton

ton to Bewley, to Townslane, and along that lane to the south side of a house looking to the village of Bolder; from thence to Fuzzy-hill Lane, to the port of Lymington, alias Balderwater, and across that port to Deer Lane, and along that lane, across the highway leading from Lymington to Bolder Bridge; so by a little lane to Galley Hill; so by the road from Lymington to the ditch of Batramsley, and by the said ditch, to the lane adjoining to the north east corner of a wood, called Tucking-well Coppice; so by a narrow lane near that wood, until you come by the ditch of Batramsley to New-cross Corner, alias Newlands, following the ditch as it turns along across the west part of Scots Common to Hackbridge, alias Breggbrack; and from thence, going up by the rivulet to the double ditch, winding to the north of East-street Close, to the highway leading from Batramsley to Sway; and by the said double ditch to East-street Corner, alias Cole's Corner; and from thence, by the said double ditch, going by the north side of Retreifretmere, alias Fetmore Pond, and near the gate of Northsway, and by the hedge of North Croft, quite to Stamford; and from thence, going up by the brook to the extremity of the village of Stamford; from thence across the little valley, called Bulslade Bottom, to the bound post; and from thence to Bird Pond; from thence, directly to Kettle Gutter; and from that gutter to Foxhole, on the west side of a great ditch, called White Ditch; from thence, going down by the same ditch to the river, and by the same river to Boundway Ford, alias Carpenters Ford; from thence, by Boundway to the oak, called Bound Oak; from thence, to Elcombe Grove, marked by a bound post; from thence, along a bye-way to the highway, leading from the river Avon to Milton; from thence, from the bound post towards the west, to Brown's Croft, alias Firney Croft, and across that croft, along the ditch by the highway; from thence, by the ditch that separates the common of Osmondsley, from the forest anciently called Crouchford Croft; from thence, by the way of Withendon; from thence along the way to Marbrode Deep, alias Bury Pier; from thence, along the hedge of the East Close, to the beginning of Rowditch; from thence, to Blackditch, where a bound post is to be seen; from thence, along the highway to Haythornslade, and by the same to Devil's-den; from thence, by going up to Eversley Croft; and from thence, to the north east end of Lockham's Ditch, and along that ditch to the crossway, which leads from Shirley to Everly Cross; from thence, to Brickendborough, where there is another bound post; from thence, to the bound post of Lugdenborough, alias Foxberry; from thence, directly to Alisborough, alias Brownleaseborough; from thence, directly across the road leading from Burley Beacons, across the Greenmoss, to Knavesborough; from thence, going down to the hedge, between the lands of Richard Compton, and the land of the warden of the forest for the time being; so to the Greenshade of Burcombe, alias Bircombe; from thence, to Limeford Water; from thence, to the hedge of Highwood Bars, alias Oviat's Bars, where is a bound post; from thence, to Wichenstake, near the head of the marsh, called Little Whitemore; which is another bound; from thence, going down a little valley, called Rodon's Bottom, to Illbridge, upon the water, called Dockenswater; from thence, to Markinburrow, upon Gorles Down, alias Goreley Hill; so across Goreley, to a place called the Pits; from thence, to

to Charlesford, alias Collinsford; from thence, to Abbot's Well; so along a little bottom, called Gowsley's Bottom, to Blessford, alias Bisford; so going up to a garden plot, anciently belonging to Robert Ernes, now Bulkley; so through the said plot and garden adjoining to the highway, now disused, which used to go from Pritham to Ferdingbridge; from thence, to Le But; from thence to Giles Well; from thence, to the water that falls into the river Avon; from thence, going up the said river to the bridge of Melton, alias Milton, where the perambulation of the forest began.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Manners of the Inhabitants of Greenland, the Animals, &c.

[From the German.]

UNFRUITFUL, as this land is, it affords nourishment to some, though but very few kinds of beasts, which supply the natives with food and raiment. Hares and rein-deer they have in plenty, but more of the former than the latter. Hares are white both in summer and winter, are pretty large, live on grass and white moss, but are little regarded by the natives.

Their rein-deer are of that northern kind, which are met with in Spitzberg, Siberia, Norway, Lapland, and the northern parts of America. They are here wild, and not easily caught. The largest are about the size of a two-year old heifer; their colour brown or grey, with white bellies: their skin very thick of hair, and above an inch long. Their antlers differ only from those of the common buck, in being smooth, grey, and broad as one's hand at top. Their flesh is tender and well tasted. They are very cleanly and contented creatures, live in summer on the tender grass they find in the vallies; and in winter, on the white moss, which they dig for, under the snow between the rocks. A Greenlander once caught a young one, bred it up, and it grew as tame as a cow, but, having done some mischief, he was obliged to kill it.

Here are also foxes, but somewhat different from those of southern countries. Some are white, but in general, they are blue or grey; they bark like a dog, and resemble one about the head and feet; live on birds and their eggs, upon berries, muscles, crabs, and what the sea casts out. The natives catch them in traps, and if in want of food, would rather eat them than hares. Blue fox-skins are eagerly bought up by the factors.

White bears, so often heard of, are frequently met with in all parts of Greenland; they have a long narrow head, like a dog, and are said to bark like one. Their hair is long and as soft as wool. Their bodies are often three or four yards in length; their flesh is white and fat, tastes like mutton, and the natives are very fond of it. They prowl upon the flakes of ice after seals and dead whales, and will attack the sea-lion, though this creature frequently masters them. They will swim from one piece of ice to another, and when attacked, will defend themselves even against a boat full of men. When on land, their food is birds and their eggs, and if impelled by hunger, they will devour the human species, digging dead bodies out of their graves. In winter, they immure themselves in holes between the rocks, or bury themselves in the snow, till the sun invites them abroad again; when, allured by the scent of seals' flesh, they will hunt

hunt out a Greenland house, break into it, and plunder it. The natives in their turn raise a hue and cry after the robbers, surround them with their dogs, and kill them with lances and harpoons; though they often lose their own lives in the assault.

Here are no tame beasts, except dogs of a middle size, which resemble more a wolf than a dog, not barking, but howling and growling. They are too stupid an animal to be of much use in hunting, but are harnessed as horses to a sledge, from four to ten at a time, in which the natives visit each other, or draw home the seals over the ice. Their skins are used as coverings to beds, and as ornamental borders to their garments.

Of land-birds, there is no great variety, because there is little food for them. The principal is the northern partridge, such as frequents cold countries and the Alps. In Switzerland they are called snow hens. They cast their feathers twice a year. The colour of the cocks are grey in summer, and white in winter, the colour of the snow, a wise precaution of providence to preserve them from birds of prey which hunt after them, and but for this circumstance, would readily find them. It is a good bird to eat, and easily caught. Their claws have, within, a thick ball covered with small feathers, to enable them to endure the cold, and as their toes are not divided the whole way up, they are capable of swimming. Here are also snipes, and some small singing birds; and, of birds of prey, the great dark-brown eagle, grey and spotted falcons, white owls and ravens.

As to insects and vermin: the natives are troubled with large gnats, besides small ones, in such quantities, that in hazy summer weather, it is difficult to screen themselves from them. They have all sorts of earth-worms and maggots, but nothing venomous, except spiders. No serpents, toads, frogs, rats, mice, fleas, or such like animals. These cannot live in this cold country.

Destitute, however, as the land is of living creatures, the riches of the sea make it up as well in variety as multitude. The many kinds of sea-fowls are too numerous to mention here, but the eider-fowl, or black duck, is worthy particular notice, its down being a profitable article of commerce. Its flesh is eaten by the Greenlanders, and of its skin they make their finest and their warmest under-garments: this fowl is, however, most celebrated for its valuable down, which is found in great quantities, when stripped of its coarse feathers. As the down when pulled from the dead bird is apt to heat by lying, and will not swell and distend itself rightly, they contrive to procure it from the fowl whilst living: for this purpose, they visit the nests which the tender mother lines with this soft substance, either dropped or plucked from her body, to prepare a warm bed for her callow brood. Of this down we have warm light coverlids in England.

Of the most profitable fishes, the north is the proper rendezvous and residence; where, under the ice, they find shelter from the whales that prey on them; whales being frequently obliged to rise above water, to draw breath, cannot follow their prey far under the ice. Here then they retreat, breed, and fatten.

The European mode of whale-fishing is well known, but that of the Greenlanders is somewhat different. The women assist in this business, their employ being to row the boats and mend the seamens' jackets. When they see a fish they row

row boldly up to it, and strike it with several harpoons, to which are hung large bladders, made of seals-skin, which so incumber and impede the motion of the animal, that he cannot dive deep. When tired out, they dispatch him with their lances. The men then creep into their sea or spring-jackets, which are made of seals-skin with air bladders, and cover their feet, hands, and head, all in one piece, being fastened tight about the head. In these, they leap, fearless, upon the fish and into the sea, the air in their jackets keeping them erect in the water. They next proceed, as do the Europeans, to cut out the fat and whale-bone. And here the multitude are very disorderly, all running promiscuously in a heap, men, women, and children, one over another, with sharp-pointed knives; for every one, though a spectator only, may share in dividing the spoil; and it is wonderful, how careful they are in all this scramble, not to wound one another.

The seal, also, is a native of the north seas, is an amphibious animal, with four feet, and called, in many places, the sea-calf, or sea-wolf; it has a rough hairy hide, and is used by us to cover travelling trunks; its head pretty much resembles that of a dog, with the ears cropt, having a small aperture for the ear, but no flaps: its body in the middle is bulky, but runs out pointed towards each end, for the convenience of making better way through the water. It has two short feet before standing downwards perpendicularly, and two others behind in a horizontal direction, with webbed toes, like those of a goose. The water is its natural element, as it lives upon fish; but having long nails in its fore-feet, it can climb the rocks, and is often upon land. Its cry is like a wild swine, and the young ones mew like a cat. It has sharp teeth, and large fiery eyes, with eyebrows.

Seals are often found on the ice and land, basking or sleeping in the sun, and though they have a lame gait or walk, can pad along so fast and by means of their hind feet, spring forward so quick, that a man cannot easily come up with them. They are taken for their fat and skins. Their fat, which is near four inches thick, is converted into train oil, and their flesh is red, tender, and juicy, resembling, in taste, the flesh of a wild hog.

There are five or six species of seals, some two yards and some three yards in length. I have seen one, says Crantz, called a sea-cow, of the seal-species, six yards in length, and near as much in circumference over the breast. This creature weighed about 400lb. and as its eyes, on pressing the skin, sprung out a finger's length, it is supposed the animal could throw them out and draw them in for shelter, at pleasure.

Seals, in general, yield a great deal of blubber, and the train that drops from it is not more rancid than stale oil of olives; and with their skins the greenlanders frequently make their waistcoats. They cannot easily be caught by a single person, unless when they are big with young, and of course helpless; but as they are animals of passage, retiring from Greenland in March, to cast their young, and returning in June, young and all, like a flock of sheep, the seal-hunters endeavour, on their return, to surround them on the ice, where they often lie sleeping in whole herds. They first frighten them by shouting, which occasions them to stretch out their necks and yell, at which time the catchers take the opportunity to stun them, by giving them a desperate blow on their noses; after which they kill and flay them.

(To be continued.)

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

Drury Lane, November 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Count Belfior	Mr. H. Johnston.
Maurice	Mr. Wroughton.
Theodore	Miss De Camp.
Monteniro	Mr. Kelly.
Armagh	Mr. Johnstone.
Carronade	Mr. Bannister.
Fritz	Mr. Caulfield.
Walter	Mr. Cooke.
The Countess Belfior	Mrs. Powell.
Eugenia	Mrs. Mountain.
Ninetta	Mrs. Bland.
Rosaline	Miss Tyrer.

THE daughter of Baron Werner, a young lady of fifteen, had been entrapped into a marriage with Isidore Fritz, a young officer of profligate habits and desperate fortune. Though she possessed every accomplishment, Fritz looked only to her fortune. But being disappointed in his interested expectations, he soon began to treat her with the most brutal cruelty. Her father, the Baron, incensed at her imprudence, and at the disgrace which such a marriage brought upon his family, resolved never more to admit his daughter to his presence. In order to avoid her, he quitted Vienna, where he usually resided, and for a length of time no tidings could be procured of him.

Miss Werner, afterwards Countess Belfior, disgusted with her husband's brutality, and preyed upon by the remorse she felt for her disobedience to her father, resolved upon quitting Fritz, and, with her infant son, wanders about in search of her father. She at length discovers him, pining in penury and sickness, and afflicted with blindness. She exerts every means that industry can supply to alleviate his distress, and is assiduous in her attentions to him; never daring, however, to let him hear her voice, lest it should lead to the discovery of her.

About this time, Count Belfior, a Sicilian nobleman, arrives at Vienna, and, attracted by the engaging person and manners of Miss Werner, makes her an offer of his hand. Not long after, she receives information of the death of Isidore Fritz; and the information being confirmed by documents apparently authentic, she accepts the offer of the Count's hand, and accompanies him to his estates in Sicily, taking with her the Baron Werner, her father, to whom she presents a farm in the name of the Countess Belfior. The Count soon afterwards is called to his post in the armies; and upon the day of his expected return, the drama commences.

The Countess soon receives a letter from Vienna, informing her that Fritz, her former husband, is still living. The villain, it would appear, had caused certificates of his death to be forged, and sent to his wife, in order to induce her to enter into a second marriage with the Count, that he might afterwards put in a claim to his wife's property.

Soon after the Count's return, Fritz found his way to Sicily, and gained means to have an interview with the Countess. He proposes to her to assist his views in getting possession of the property; but she indignantly rejects the proposal: upon which he daringly claims of the Count the possession of the estates belonging to his wife. Here, however, Fritz, while holding out these

these threats, is recognised as a deserter from the Austrian army, and secured and imprisoned as such.

The Count, listening only to the generosity of his nature, is still anxious to spare the life of the ruffian, and for that purpose resolves to send him to a foreign country. In order to provide him with the means of preparing for the voyage, the Count appoints an interview at night with Fritz. Fritz meets the Count accordingly; but resolves on the destruction of his benefactor. With that view, he places an accomplice behind a tree, instructing him to stab the second man that passes. Fritz, followed by the Count, advances towards the tree; but Carronade, an English sailor, in the service of Count Belfior, steps forward, and leaves Fritz the second to pass, by which timely interposition, the assassin fell the victim of his own contrivance, under the dagger of his accomplice.

Baron Werner, who had hitherto proved deaf to his daughter's intreaties for forgiveness, now consents to pardon her, being assured of the sincerity of her repentance.

This interesting drama is professedly a translation of one bearing a similar title in French, and which has had a considerable run, still continuing to be performed at Paris. The version, we understand, is by Mr. Cobb. The principal plot, and the more striking incidents, are almost exact copies of the original. In the under plot, and less material parts, there are many and wide alterations, adopted, no doubt, for the purpose of introducing characters and circumstances, whose situations and sentiments reflect the complexion, and correspond with the temper of the times. Their introduction, therefore, could not be unseasonable; and the impression they were intended to produce, was repeatedly acknowledged by the accordant plaudits with which they were distinguished.

As to the merits of the piece itself, austere criticism may perhaps discover in it many improbabilities, and something of an immoral tendency. That a young lady of fifteen, deaf to the advice, and regardless of the authority of a father, and listening only to the wild suggestions of a blind and romantic passion, should rush into the arms of a man in every respect unworthy of her choice, is a slip that cannot well be allowed to pass by uncensured. Yet the unabated ardour of filial affection, and the unwearied practice of an ardent and exemplary repentance, so forcibly display themselves in every subsequent act of her life, that a due regard to the frailty of human nature must prompt and admonish the forgiveness of her youthful and thoughtless indiscretion. Still, when duty is transgressed and virtue wounded, there might always be left behind a scar that will continue to disfigure the loveliest features, and the most exemplary deportment. In the present case, the detestation of the fault is lost in the admiration of the virtues that succeed and atone for it.

The play is thus cast in the mould of the German school. Its more serious parts are, however, highly interesting, and lay a very powerful hold upon the passions. Mrs. Powell's acting afforded a most perfect picture of the filial affection, the ardent contrition, of the Countess; and Mr. H. Johnston, in the Count, had all the ease, dignity, candour, and generosity, which so prominently mark that character.

Wroughton, in Maurice, displayed, with his usual accuracy and pathos, the unrelenting sternness of

of the irritated father, and the returning influence of parental fondness, when the cause of his resentment was removed. Miss De Camp, in Theodore, was more interesting, if possible, than in the part of Julio. Bannister in the English sailor, and Johnstone in the Irish serjeant, expressed sentiments perfectly characteristic of both professions, and both countries.

Almost the whole of the music was composed by Mr. Mazzinghi, and does honour to his style and taste. Many of the songs were encored, particularly those sung by Miss De Camp and Mrs. Bland. Kelly, Johnstone, and Mrs. Mountain, also received the most flattering applause.

On the second representation, this opera received a very judicious compression. The dance at the end of the second act, and the trio in the third, by Johnstone, Tyrer, and Bland, with the waltz, by Miss De Camp, were all very properly omitted. The dialogue is also curtailed in many parts, and the *denouement*, which is ingeniously contrived, prevents the something of languor which hung over the first representation. As the piece now stands, it bids fair to become a favourite with the public. Better acting than that where the Countess discovers Theodore to be her son, we have rarely witnessed. The music is of such a description, that it will be more liked as it becomes more familiar. The performers lend the piece every possible support. Kelly has but one song; that, however, is ably executed. The dance at the end of the first act is still too long; but the dancing of little Byrne is highly gratifying. The scenery and dresses do credit to the liberality of the management.

A specimen of the songs will be found in the poetical department.

RAISING THE WIND.

Covent Garden, Nov. 5.

THIS new after-piece is said to be a first dramatic essay from the pen of a Mr. Kenny. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Diddler	Mr. Lewis.
Plainly	Mr. Blanchard.
Fainwou'd	Mr. Simmons.
Sam, a Yorkshireman	Mr. Emery.
Miss Durable, an Old Maid	Mrs. Davenport.
Peggy, Plainly's Daughter	Mrs. Beverly.

The following is a brief sketch of the plot—

Diddler, by extravagance, has reduced himself to the want of money and clothes, and is at an inn in a country town, when the piece commences. When he has outlived his credit, Fainwou'd, a simple Cockney, arrives, from whom he spunges a breakfast, and the loan of 3s. 4d. to pay for pretended letters. Fainwou'd is come, in consequence of some family arrangements, to marry the daughter of Plainly, whom he has never seen. Diddler, having heard that a rich old fellow has lately come to live in the town, determines to make love to his daughter, but not knowing the name of the family, directs a letter "To the Beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill." He proceeds to deliver his letter; but being short-sighted, he points out Miss Durable, an amorous old maid, at a window, to Sam, a country waiter, as the person to whom the letter is to be given. Finding it favourably received, he steals into the house as Sam comes out, in order to gain an interview. He is immediately followed by Fainwou'd, and overhears, while concealed in a closet, from Fainwou'd's

wou'd's conversation with a servant, that he is in the house of Plainly, to whose daughter he has paid his addresses at Bath, under the name of Mortimer, but whose residence he did not know. Fearing his letter would detect his infidelity, and induce her to marry his rival, he comes forward to Fainwou'd, and persuades him that Plainly had determined to give his daughter to another. Fainwou'd quits the house in a rage, having first dropt the letter that was to introduce him to the family, to whom he is yet a stranger. Diddler picks it up, and, by introducing himself in his stead, he contrives to renew his suit to Peggy Plainly. Some ludicrous equivoque ensues with Miss Durable, who, having seen him from the window, and received his letter, fancies he comes to make love to her. The close of the piece brings him intelligence that an uncle, who had been offended at his dissipation, had died, and left him L.10,000. Upon which the old maid is forsaken, and he is united to Peggy.

There is in this piece, considering it as the production of a novice, no small share of pleasantry, as well as a portion of dexterity in the dramatic management of some of the situations. There is not in it, however, much of invention or of character. The purblind mistake of Diddler, in sending his letter to the old maid, is literally taken from a French piece, "*La Petite Ville*," by Picard; and the incident is not improved in the translation. The character of Diddler is obviously taken from that of Spunge, in Reynolds's comedy of Cheap Living. Fainwou'd is a Cockney, who endeavours to attract that notice in the country, which in town he could not procure: but the character is feebly drawn. Simmons gave something of comic colour to that which the author had left a vapid sketch.

This pleasant piece possesses more claims to the name of English farce than any one under that title brought forward for the last ten years. It abounds in whim, humour, repartee, and lively and natural incident, for which the author is not indebted to any foreign dramatist, but to his own talents and observations of real life. We overlook some trifling defects which the critic of regular comedy would be justified in treating with severity.

It is upon Diddler, a young man absolutely reduced to the want of money and clothes, the chief interest of the piece depends. He exchanges, for the dinners given to him by his acquaintance, bon mots and songs; he borrows money from almost every one he meets, an obligation by which he is so deeply affected, that he declares he can never repay it; and, in order to shew that his applications arise from some very sudden and unexpected call, he always limits his demand to an odd sum. In short, all his wit is employed in keeping worldly want, "that hungry meagre fiend," from overcoming him, and he is uniformly successful, by his own invention, or by some lucky accident. After a variety of ludicrous adventures, which it would be not a little difficult to narrate in a clear order, he is at length relieved from his distresses and embarrassments, by the death of a rich uncle. The character is performed by Mr. Lewis, with a vivacity and humour that convulse the audience with laughter. This excellent comedian was perhaps never more successful than in the part of Diddler; and the farce, supported by his versatility, promises to prove highly attractive, not only for the present, but for many seasons. Emery's Sam is, like

like all his Yorkshiremen, a finished performance; and Simmons, Blanchard, Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Beverley, gave to their respective characters every possible degree of interest. The boxes were graced with much fashion and beauty, and the house overflowed in every part.

THREE PER CENTS.

Covent Garden, November. 12.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sandy Mactac	Mr. Cooke.
Jerry Mactac	Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Peter Proffer	Mr. Munden.
Colonel Doriland	Mr. C. Kemble.
Graspley	Mr. Waddy.
Major Seymour	Mr. Murray.
Pallet	Mr. Simmons.
Witling	Mr. Farley.
Mrs. Splendour	Miss Marriott.
Rosalie	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Lady Delamere	Mrs. Gibbs.

Scene, London.

BEFORE the commencement of the play, the aunt of Doriland dies; leaving a will behind her, in which there is the following singular clause:

"So convinced am I of the blessings of matrimony, and its moral advantages, to young people in particular, that I give and bequeath all my three per cent consols to my nephew Edward Doriland, provided he marries within one twelvemonth from the day of my decease; but if in that period he neglect to take a wife, I then give my said three per cents to my other nephew, John Witling."

Witling, anxious to prevent Doriland's marriage, and thereby secure the property, enters into a confederacy with Sir Peter Proffer, the guardian of Rosalie, a Swiss emigrant, who is betrothed to Doriland, and is to marry him on his arrival from Paris; Doriland is detained there by illness, and Rosalie imposed on and menaced by her guardian, is at length persuaded to write Doriland on his arrival, that in consequence of his neglect and falsehood, she has yielded to Sir Peter's intreaties, and married Witling.

In the mean time the year is expiring, only three days remain: and Lady Delamere, the sister and benefactress of Doriland, being reduced to ruin by the love of gaming, he has no other mode of saving her than by marrying directly—the wife he selects is Mrs. Splendour; and Rosalie and Doriland are apparently for ever separated, when extricated from their difficulties, by the arrival of the Scotch blacksmith from Gretna Green, who proves that Witling is not the husband of Rosalie, and that Mrs. Splendour is the wife of Sir Peter Proffer—thus dissolving one marriage, and establishing another, and in the end securing to Doriland the three per cents, by bringing about an union between him and Rosalie.

This comedy is the production of Mr. Reynolds, a gentleman who has long entertained the public by his dramatic exertions. Certainly this is not one of his most happy efforts, as the characters possess little novelty; in fact, none of them are new, if we except Mactac, the celebrated Gretna Green blacksmith and clergyman. This part was admirably played by Cooke. And, indeed, the respective performers, did their duty.

There are some exalted sentiments expressed, which do equal honour to the head and the heart of the author, particularly on duelling. There seemed, however, to be in the house, a very strong party against the piece. It was, notwithstanding, patiently heard until nearly the end of the third act, when murmurs

murs began to arise. In the fourth act the disapprobation increased, and exhibited itself with accumulated force in the fifth.

The drama, after all that may be said, is endowed with considerable whim and eccentricity, combines much charming and interesting moral; it possesses claims to originality, and many of the characters are strongly drawn. An honest, liberal, and unprejudiced Scotchman, is a novelty on the stage, although real life boasts many such: the author has devoted much attention to the delineation, and we hope its reception will recompence his ingenuity and pains. There is perhaps less of situation and stage effect in this, than in some others of Mr. Reynolds's comedies; but it has merit: and when unincumbered of some little redundancies, it may probably become a favourite.

The epilogue was spoken by all the characters, but at first it could not be heard, until Mr. Fawcett came forward and stated, that the characters were about to speak it. Silence prevailed for a moment, but the curtain fell amidst an immense clamour and uproar. Mr. Fawcett came forward and announced the piece for repetition on Monday evening, but the tumult was so great, that he could not be heard.

The author has since thought proper, to withdraw the piece altogether.

SCAPIN IN MASQUERADE.

Drury Lane, Nov. 12.

THE above piece of three acts was unfortunately produced here, and exhibited the pale features of a jealous old guardian, his ward in love with another person, the lover, and an intriguing servant. Scapin, the last character, gets into the house, first by personating a Duenna, and, in the second instance, by appearing as the wife of the guardian. What third foolery might have been introduced we know not, as the piece was hissed off the stage in the middle of the second act. The manners and humour of the piece are trite and obsolete. We make no comparison between this and the comedy at the other theatre; but believe, that the circumstance of two pieces being condemned on the same evening, is without a precedent in the records of the drama.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES, COMMONLY CALLED COUNT BIBB.

THIS gentleman, who made his exit on Sunday November 6, was the son of Mr. Bibb, formerly an eminent sword-cutler in New-port-street, who has been dead many years. Mr. Charles Bibb was brought up to the business of an engraver, and might have risen to distinction in that line, if he had been capable of persevering application. But he had a strong sense of humour, and was too fond of company to be fit for any employment that required diligence and attention. He was much addicted to play, but was always unsuccessful. He was a very good-tempered man, and had a lively satirical humour, which, with a fund of anecdotes, particularly of the theatrical kind, rendered him a very diverting companion. Having no resources but in the kindness of his friends, his subsistence, for near the last thirty years, has been very precarious, but he

he was so well known, that it was hardly possibly for him to sally forth in any part of the metropolis, without meeting with some acquaintance, ready to become his banker for the expences of the passing day, and he did not trouble himself with much care about to-morrow. It is supposed that the author of the farce, Raising the Wind, which was brought forward at Covent Garden Theatre, had this eccentric character in view, when he drew the hero of the piece; and it may be considered as a good dramatic sketch of the whimsical original. He was jocosely proud of the title of Count Bibb, which he used to say, did not descend to him from a dull line of ancestors, but was earned by his own merit, and conferred by the voice of the Public.

PULLING NOSES.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 8.

CRIMINAL INFORMATION.

THE KING *v.* PHILIPS, ESQ.

MR. CLIFFORD, on the part of the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, and candidate for the county of Caermarthen at the last election, shewed cause against a rule obtained by Mr. Erskine against the defendant in the last term, for a criminal information, in consequence of his having sent a letter to Rees Thomas, Esq. of Tavistock Place, with the intention of provoking him to fight a duel. The quarrel originated out of the proceedings at the Caermarthen election. The defendant had commissioned Mr. Thomas, to raise him a loan of L.1000; and there were some money accounts unsettled between the parties. The defendant wrote the letter on which the rule was granted, and which contained the following expressions: "I have *another* account to settle with you, which you may as well prepare to meet at once, as it will be in vain to temporize: you have behaved like a *blackguard*, and I shall meet you at any time you please, and punctually attend any appointment you shall make." This letter had been considered as a challenge. The defendant now swore positively that he did not mean it as a challenge, but as a sort of reply to a very provoking letter which Mr. Thomas had written to a Mr. Jones, who had been the confidential friend and agent of Mr. Philips at the election. In this letter, which Mr. Jones sent back again to Mr. Thomas, that gentleman, who now applied for a criminal information, had himself challenged Mr. Jones, and made use of expressions towards the defendant, which he conceived, were for the purpose of provoking him to fight. The substance of that letter was, "that if Mr. Jones did not disavow certain expressions he had made use of, he must atone to his injured feelings by personal satisfaction: that he had already pulled the nose of one gentleman, and that the account between him and Mr. Philips was still unsettled." This letter, addressed to a confidential agent of his, the defendant now swore, that he considered as intended for a provocation to him to fight, which required some answer. The learned counsel contended, that at all events, a man who had written such a letter, which was certainly a challenge to Mr. Jones, if not to Mr. Philips, had no right to claim the special interference of the court in his behalf, but should be left to the common remedy of an indictment. In support of this opinion, he cited a

case which was determined last term, where a Mr. Coffin, a clergyman and magistrate in Cornwall, was refused leave to file a criminal information against a person who had hung him up in effigy, it appearing that he, Mr. Coffin, had been previously guilty of similar practices.

Mr. Erskine in support of the rule, first pointed out the distinction between the case cited and the present: In Coffin's case, the question was merely about his wounded feelings: but in the present case, the question was, whether the court would support with vigour and firmness the determination which they had often expressed of putting down, as much as in them lay, a practice which often produced the greatest misery and calamity in private life, and the most violent outrages in civil society? The question was, whether, when a case of a direct and positive challenge to fight a duel was laid before the court, there could be any *set off* of implied provocation in a letter to a third person? He had never before heard of challenging a man by deputy or by attorney; challenges are usually sent to the principal. He then commented with great severity on the defendant's affidavit, which positively stated that *that* was not meant as a challenge, which every person that heard it read, could understand it in no other light. He then treated in a ludicrous manner, the letter of Thomas to Jones, which was held forward as a *set off*. The challenge to Mr. Jones was nothing to the present question. The mentioning that he had an account unsettled with the defendant, was nothing; and as to the *pulling noses*, he could not conceive that out of the ten million of *noses* in this country, a man saying that he had pulled a *nose* was a provocation to any other person. Supposing he—Mr. Erskine—had said, that in the course of his natural life he had pulled a *gentleman's nose*, neither of his learned friends, Mr. Garrow, nor Mr. Dallas, who sat near him, would consider *that* as any provocation to them to fight. After having dwelt for some time rather playfully on this idea, he concluded by stating gravely and seriously, that a positive and direct challenge to fight, such as was contained in the defendant's letter, could by no means be excused by the language of the prosecutor's letter to Mr. Jones.

Mr. Garrow and Mr. Hovell, were heard on the same side, and enforced the arguments and observations of Mr. Erskine.

Lord Ellenborough, interrupting Mr. Hovell, told him there was no necessity for his troubling himself. "Really," said his lordship, "this practice of sending challenges, has introduced so much misery and calamity into private life, and so much disorder into civil society, that I should feel myself in a great measure accessary to those miseries, if I did not do what in my public situation is expected from me, to prevent them; and in a case where there is an unequivocal challenge—for notwithstanding what is contained in Mr. Philips's affidavit, the terms of his letter to the prosecutor, clearly import a challenge—I cannot think the law ought to stop in its course, merely because Mr. Thomas has, in a letter to Mr. Jones, written that which *quoad* Jones is a challenge. If at any time the court shall be applied to on the subject of that letter, it will exercise its province, and determine in the way its contents deserve; but the only question at present is, whether the letter written by Thomas to Jones, is one which can be considered as a direct provocation, operating

operating on the mind of Philips to send a challenge to the prosecutor. As to Jones, the letter of Thomas certainly says, he must make a personal apology; it intimates that the writer had pulled the nose of one gentleman, and implies that he would also pull the nose of Mr. Jones. With regard to Phillips, the letter adds, that his business was in an unsettled state; surely, then, upon a supposed insult so conveyed, Mr. Philips, even conducting himself strictly by the rules of honour, might have waited till it had been turned into a more direct challenge; but, mixed as the dispute was with accounts of a pecuniary nature, I am not able to say that the words used by Mr. Thomas can be construed into a defiance. His Lordship having referred to a case which had been cited by Mr. Clifford, observed, that it was not relevant to the immediate question; and, upon the whole, he did not think that the provocation given to Philips alleviated his offence, or rendered the interposition of the Court less necessary. For these reasons, his Lordship was of opinion the rule should be made absolute.

The other judges (Sir Simon Le Blanc *absente*) concurred in the sentiments delivered by the Lord Chief Justice, and the rule for criminal information was accordingly made absolute.

A SPORTING AMERICAN PARSON.

From Dr. Underhill's Travels, lately published.

WHEN we arrived at the church, we found a brilliant collection of well dressed people, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the parson, who it seems had a small branch of the river M—— to pass, and we afterwards learned was detained by the absence of his negro boy, who was to ferry him over. Soon after our impatience was relieved by the arrival of the parson in his canonicals—a young man, not of the most mortified countenance, who, with a switch called a supple-jack, in his hand, belaboured the back and head of the faulty slave, all the way, from the water to the church door, accompanying every stroke with suitable language.

He entered the church, and we followed. He ascended the reading desk, and, with his face glowing with the exercise of his supple-jack, began the service with—"I said I will take heed unto my ways, that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my tongue, as it were with a bridle, when I am before the wicked. When I mused, the fire burned within me; and I spake with my tongue," &c. &c. He preached an animated discourse, of eleven minutes, upon the practical duties of religion, from these words—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and read the fourth commandment in the communion. The whole congregation prayed fervently that their hearts might be inclined to keep this holy law.

The blessing was pronounced; and parson and people hastened to the horse-race. I found the parson as much respected on the turf as upon the hassock. He was one of the judges of the race; descanted, in the language of the turf, upon the points of the two rival horses; and the sleeves of his cassock was heavily laden with the principal bets. The confidence of his parishioners was not ill founded; for they assured me, upon oath and honour, that he was a gentleman of as much uprightness, as his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Aye, they would sport him, for a sermon, or a song, against any parson in the Union.

REMARKS
ON
THE SPORTING DICTIONARY.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT the author of this work should prefer the chase of the stag, with the royal hounds, to fox-hunting, is not surprising, the former being so appropriate, for more reasons than one, to that gentleman's professional views. The stag hunters ought to be highly obliged to him for the encomiums upon that diversion, which he has so accurately and pathetically recited, and which are perhaps all that can be advanced in its favour. His rapturous detail of going off from the cart; yeoman prickers keeping the deer in view, to stop the hounds, that the horsemen, who are described as wild ducks crossing from one part of the country to another, may get up; the horns piping merrily at every stoppage, to the clamour of the impatient pack; constitute, he says, so rich and extatic a scene, that tears of excessive joy and grateful sensibility are often observed to moisten almost every eye. Now, Sir, fox hunters, although possessing as much enthusiasm as the worthy Doctor, or his hunting associates, are seldom melted into tears. Only one instance do I recollect of such an event, and that arose from a gentleman's vexation at the tiring of his horse, as the fox was dying, after the longest and best run the Hertfordshire hounds ever had. Indeed they have no opportunity for halting at command, and, with tears of grateful sensibility flowing from their eyes, calculating where the next stop is to be made. The racing and tailing of the horses in fox hunting, is not the unvarying consequence of a burning scent; that requires no more trouble for a hound to hunt, than a drag of an old glove well rubbed with oil of anniseed, but depends on the stoutness of the fox and the steadiness of the hounds, neither of whom choose to be restrained, even for the accommodation of royalty itself; and a fox hunter, though ever so *scientific an inquisitant*—a phrase of the Doctor's—cannot readily obtain a pause to recruit the wind of his own or his neighbour's steed, whenever they may require it. The drawing for a fox likewise ill suits the vehement ardour of this *professional practitioner*, who, that not one of the precious moments of his *life estate of time* may be squandered, must have his game in hand before starting. Notwithstanding these doughty objections, I still must subscribe to Mr. Daniel's opinion, that was his Majesty—long life, health, and every blessing attend him!—to see fox hunting as it should be, the *covered convenience*, *yeoman prickers*, &c. &c. would no more be called into action. The above gentleman, whose sentiments upon the parade of stag-hunting has so offended the Doctor, happened not to be in *orders*, when he had his fox hounds. I had the pleasure of living in his neighbourhood, and hunting with them. They were equal, if not superior, to packs upon far more extensive establishments; and such was the abundance of game, that a blank day never occurred. I here take my leave of the Doctor, exhorting him to state facts, when he affects to be minute in his assertions, unless he has pledged himself to the *cabinet* of his *northern* friends, to believe all they assert, unable, from his own experience in sporting, to decide whether they are indulging their own passion for the marvellous, or *hoaxing* him.

The Ghost of Glider.

Ravedeau Pinx.

E. Bell, fecit.

Pole-cat in the Hen-roost.

Pub. Dec. 1 1803 by J. Wheble, Warwick Square

MAHOMET AGA,

Principal Officer of ELFI BEY—His Equestrian Powers.

AT an entertainment given by the Prince of Wales, on Wednesday the 9th instant, to Elfi Bey, and a number of other distinguished visitors, the conversation turned upon the very excellent equestrian powers of the Mamelukes and the Turks. The Prince, in his usual stile of affability, said, "I have got now, in my stud, an Egyptian horse that is so wild and ungovernable that he will dismount the best horseman in the whole Bey's retinue." The Bey replied in Italian to the Prince—"I shall gratify your Royal Highness's curiosity to-morrow." An appointment consequently took place on Friday, at two o'clock, in the Prince of Wales's Riding House, Pall Mall; when the Bey, in company with Colonel Moore, his interpreter, and Mahomet Aga, his principal officer, a young man of apparent great agility, entered the riding-house, where the Prince and his Royal Brothers waited, attended by several noblemen, to witness the management of the horse, which never before could be ridden by any body. One of the Mameluke's saddles being fixed by the grooms, the animal was led out of the stable into the riding-house, in so rampant and unmanageable a state, that the gentlemen present concluded no one would ever attempt to mount him. We never witnessed a greater model of beauty. He is spotted like a leopard, and his eyes were so fiery and enraged as to indicate the greatest danger to any one who dared to mount him. Being led round the boundary, Mahomet Aga made a spring, seized him by the reins, and in an instant vaulted on the back of the animal, which, finding itself incumbered by a burden that it never before felt, and goaded by the tightness of the Egyptian saddle, gave loose to his passion, and, in the height of ferocity, plunged, but in vain, in every direction. The Mameluke kept his seat, during this proud distraction of the horse, above twenty minutes, to the astonishment of the Prince and every beholder; and the apparently ungovernable animal was at last reduced to so tame and accommodating a state, as to yield to the controul of the rider who had thus subdued him. The Prince expressed himself highly gratified, and greatly complimented the officer for his equestrian skill.

THE POLE-CAT IN THE HEN-ROOST.

(An Etching to face this Page)

THE POLE-CAT is a species of vermin, partaking in some degree of the figure and propensities of the Martin, and the Ferret, or rather between both; it is smaller than the one, and considerably larger than the other; is an inhabitant of bushy coverts, in the neighbourhood of lonely farm houses, to the poultry, eggs, and dove-houses of which, they are constant and destructive enemies. The present Etching is from an old master, and we conceive, a very faithful delineation of one of these animals in the act of plunder. The effluvia, or rather stench, arising from the body of the Pole-cat, is so truly offensive, that it has long since laid the foundation of the well-known proverbial expression, of "stinking like a Pole-cat." The method of taking these marauders is, with small iron gins, or in hatches, such as are used to entrap foxes.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

IT may be necessary *seriously* to assure our readers, that the following specimen of *exploded nonsense* appeared as an advertisement, in a morning paper of last month. "A fine white child's *Caul* to be sold. It is more likely to be lucky, as it is the *third* child of a *third* child!!!"

THE servant of a milkman, an Hibernian, being asked by a customer, how many cows his master kept? answered, five live ones, and a *dead one!* "And I think," said he, the *dead one* gives more milk than all the rest." "Surely Patrick," replied the other, "you muft be thinking of *bulls*, and not of *cows*, for I do not understand you." "Why," rejoined Pat, "he may be a *bull* or a *cow*, whichever you please; but he stands in the middle of the yard, with a devil of a long tail, and I think my master calls him *Pump!*"

AT the Guildhall entertainment, on Lord Mayor's day, Mr. Alderman Shaw, one of the Sheriffs, who presided at the Sheriff's table, rose, and in a neat speech, proposed the health of the person he considered the greatest and honestest man in the world—

Colonel William Pitt, of the Cinque-Port Volunteers;

which being drank with three times three,

Mr. Sheridan rose, and said, as party distinction was now wholly at an end, particularly on such an occasion, he begged leave to propose the health of the man whom *he* considered the wisest, the honestest, and the greatest statesman this country possessed—

Private Charles James Fox, of the Chertsey Volunteers;

which was drank with an enthusiasm equal to the former.

HINT FOR A CARICATURE—*Colonel* William Pitt drilling *Private* Charles Fox, between the Treasury and the House of Commons; the Private's eyes turned towards the Treasury on his left, and the Colonel calling out—"Eyes right!"

AT a Coffee-house at the west end of the town, much mirth was excited a few evenings since, by a *display of learning* from two loquacious disputants; one of whom insisted, that *Telemachus* was written by Rappin, for the education of the *Dolphin*, whilst the other maintained, that *Epaminondas* had learnt the art of war from the *Oracle* in the *Adelphi*!

PREVIOUS to the inspection of the Dover Volunteer Corps by the Lord Warden, on Monday evening, an order was issued for the men to wear *black stocks* made of *leather*, as

as is usual with troops of the line. Several of the corps objected to this order, alledging, that not being accustomed to such a stiff *bandage* round their necks, they hoped to be permitted to wear their silk one as before. Mr. Pitt observed, when the corps assembled, he had never been accustomed to wear a *stock made of leather*, but he now submitted to that part of the military dress, from which he did not experience the least inconvenience.—"That may be, Sir," replied an honest blacksmith, who was in the ranks; "for your neck is like your head, *so very long*, the leather can do you no injury."

THE late Admiral Payne, was first introduced to the Prince of Wales when a lieutenant; and, on being asked by his Royal Highness, if he had been *bred* to the sea! the gay son of Neptune replied that he had; but added, the sea has not been *bread* to me.

THE *Parisians* are much amused with a *Poetical Dialogue* lately published between the two bridges, (*Le Pont Neuf, et Le Pont des Arts*) and which the Punsters compliment as being peculiarly *arch*.

THE following is a translation of a *pasquinade* posted on the base of the *Statue of Victory*, on Bonaparte's having complied with the laughable petitions of his satellites, not to embark his sacred person for the *invasion* of England:

Our prayers are heard! no adverse fate
On seas shall toss Our mighty self,
Since to protect the Gallic State,
He deigns, great Soul, to—*save Himself!*

THE following advertisement was stuck up at Charleston, Carolina, by a German who had lost his horse:—He is run avey agen, mine little plack horse, I rite him two tays en midle de nite, and ven he not ville see shumpting, he shumps as if te divel vas int, an he trows me down, I not have sich fall since pefore I was pornt. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer; he hav five vite feet pefore, mit yon plack snip on his nose, von eye ville look plue like glass. He is pranded mit John Keisler Stanger, on his pehind side py his tail.

Whoever will take up de said horse, and pring him to me, top on mine house near Congaree, shall pay me two tollars reuard, en if dey vill not pring me mine horse agen, I vill put de law in force ginst all de *peoples*.

THE Temple Corps, which was distinguished at the Review on Friday, by its plainly elegant dress and steady order, was inspected by the Earl of Harrington, as he rode along the line, before the review. His lordship stopped to salute its commander, and jocosely said:—"This is the *Law Association*, Sir?"—"Yes, my Lord." To which the Earl rejoined, "I do not find any one that speaks a word; I never knew lawyers so *silent*!" Colonel Erskine jocosely replied, "We hava *no pay*, my Lord." The Peer was satisfied, and proceeded on his tour.

LINES, on reading a paragraph, stating the marriage of Mr. *T. Young*, to Miss *Ann Beard*, both of Islington, near London.

No more let Scandal's busy tongue
Deride the *youth* of Tommy Young;
For *that* no longer need be fear'd,
Since Tommy now hath got a *Beard*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERAL beautiful Arabian horses, the property of Elfi Bey, have been landed, and are an object of great curiosity to the gentlemen of the Turf. The owner is considered the first equestrian in the world.

THERE are now, in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, two stallions and two mares, Arabians, brought from India by the Hon. H. Wellesley, brother to the Governor-General. One of the stallions is a grey, the other is a chesnut; both very strong and handsome. The mares, one a brown, the other a bay, are smaller than the horses, but of much more beauty. The bay mare is said to have belonged to Tippoo Sultaun.

A MATCH was decided on the Race Hill, at Brighton, on Wednesday, the 17th, between a blood-horse, belonging to the Major of the 4th dragoons, and a half-bred horse, belonging to the Adjutant of the same regiment. The race, it appears, was two miles, for one hundred guineas; the former giving the latter, at starting, an advance of two hundred yards, carrying equal weight. The horses, having taken their ground about two o'clock, were started by the sound of a bugle, stationed purposely about half way between them; and the race was ultimately won by the half-bred horse, by a distance of nearly twenty yards.

The odds, at the commencement, were seven to four in favour of the blood; and during the time they were running the first mile, two to one; but after, even betting. Much money was won and lost on the occasion. The horses were rode by two Lieutenants of the fourth, whose singular coincidence of names, *Oliver* and *Cromwell*, was the subject of much mirth to a fashionable and numerous crowd of spectators assembled to be present at the sport.

Mr. O——n, a few nights since, made an offer to a sporting friend, of one thousand guineas to one, that, calling seven, he did not throw in the main ten times successively. The bet was accepted, and, wonderful to relate, the gentleman threw seven nine times following. Mr. O. then tendered 470 guineas to be off, which was refused. The box was again taken in hand, the mystical bones once more rattled, and the fatal throw, which was to decide the suspense, proved, not a seven, but a nine; consequently Mr. O. won his guinea.

AN Extraordinary Hare Hunt, which may be depended upon as a fact:—A few days ago, a hare who had been pursued by some gentlemen on horseback, as far as Hyde Park Corner, where they lost sight of him, owing to the number of coaches, &c. which were at the turnpike-gate; puss, taking advantage of their embarrassment, ran down Piccadilly, as far as the Duke of Queensbury's, where its progress was stopped, and puss turned into the Green Park, when seeing a large

large dog, it returned back again into Piccadilly, turned up Berkeley-street, followed by an immense concourse of pedestrians, of all descriptions, some with sticks, others with fire-locks, and various implements of destruction. Puss crossed the square, turned down Brook-street, Bond-street, Conduit-street, and Carnaby-market, the crowd increasing as they went along. Puss kept a considerable distance a-head, closely pursued by one man of the name of Pyke, and whose name we had an occasion to use before now, on account of his speed, on which account he is called the swift-footed Pyke; and on this occasion, he evinced that his name is not misplaced, having taken puss alive in Dufour's-place, by dint of running. Puss is now alive, and to be seen at No. 36, in Broad-street, facing Dufour's-place. Lord Amherst, and several gentlemen, called to see it.

Sir T. Gascoigne's horse, Timothy, is matched against Mr. Mellish's b. c. by Stamford, for 200gs, at the York August Meeting, 1804.

Mr. Ladbroke's horse Volunteer, is matched against Mr. Branthwait's Tom Tring, at the New Epsom Meeting, for 100gs.

On Wednesday morning, the 2d instant, a man engaged, for a wager of 100gs, to walk four miles in thirty-five minutes. He performed the task with ease three minutes within the time, going and returning twice in thirty-two minutes, from the upper end of Sloane street, at Knightsbridge, to the Cheshire Cheese, at Chelsea, being exactly a space of one mile. For the last half mile, he took the matter quite at his ease, being already secure of his wager. He came in perfectly cool. There was a great concourse of people, though the hour was so early as seven o'clock, and the wager was not yet public.

A melancholy and distressing event happened on Monday, the 31st ult. at Henly, near Crewkerne:—Mr. Wheaten, a gentleman of Devonshire, being on a shooting party with his friends, Mr. Falter, of Combe Farm, and Mr. Perkins, of Henly, made several uncommon good shots, and was bantered by one of the party that his good shooting was entirely owing to his gun, upon which, he desired to change guns; and soon after, firing at another bird and missing it, he observed that the lock was a bad one, and, eager to mark down the bird, he leaped upon a felled tree near him, and whilst standing in that position, in the act of charging, the gun (double barrelled), slipping through his hand towards the ground, went off, and lodged the whole contents in his breast. After which, he would not suffer himself to be moved, or the surgeons to examine his wounds, till he had made and finished his will, which he did himself with a pencil, whilst reclining on the ground. He was then removed, and after living twenty-five hours in great anguish, displaying the fortitude and resignation of a brave man and a christian, he expired, sincerely lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

A few days since, Mr. Goldham, of the London Cavalry, to the astonishment of every one present, went through the Austrian broad-sword exercise, with a sabre in each hand, at the same time the horse going at the rate of more than thirty miles an hour. Mr. G. afterwards touched the ground, in the fourth division, on each side, with great ease. The same gentleman, some time back, rode his horse over a timber leap, six feet high, without a saddle; his adversary's horse was killed in the attempt.—He now offers to ride over the Thames, near Greenwich;

Greenwich; or two of his own horses forty miles in two hours; or to ride any horse in England.

Two soldiers of the Parisian guard lately repaired to the *Champs Elysees* to fence with sabres. They were naked down to the waist, and every blow, if not parried, might cut the one on whom it fell into two pieces. Who were the spectators?—Women of the first fashion and elegance, with robes trimmed with gold and silver—women, who would faint at the sight of a mouse, or a piece of cheese. Fortunately for one of the combatants, whose blood began to flow, an officer interfered his authority, and saved his life.

On Thursday, Nov. 10, was run, over Leigh Down, a most excellent and well-contested race, between Mr. Robert Jones's grey mare, Faithful Maria, 12st. 5lb. rode by the owner, and Mr. John Jones's Mad Cap, 10st. 5lb. rode by Mr. Marshall, for 300gs each, p. p. one mile, which was won by the latter by half a neck.

The odds at starting were two and three to one on Faithful Maria. The day proved remarkakly favourable, and the course was crowded with fashionables from Clifton, Bristol, and their environs. From the crowds of horsemen crossing the ferry, to be spectators of the above race, a Mr. Spencer must have perished in the mud, his animal having plunged out of the boat, but for the timely exertions of the boatmen.

At the annual race, given to the farmers by the members of the H. H. on Abbotstone Down, near Alresford, three horses started for the cup, and came in as follows—

Mr. Hankin's black horse - -	1	1
Mr. Fleet's bay mare - - - -	2	2
Mr. Wright's brown mare - -	3	3

Odds, before starting, three to two on Mr. Fleet's mare, which, on the second heat, ran on the wrong side of the post, and, in making good her ground, ran out of the course: she, nevertheless, recovered her ground very handsomely.

Foot Race.—John Todd, a Scotchman, run a mile against time, for a considerable wager, from Hyde Park Corner to the first mile stone on the Uxbridge Road. The odds were against him at starting; however, he won with apparent ease in four minutes and ten seconds.

One of the most fortunate and most celebrated sporting characters in the kingdom, whose *great luck* and almost unprecedented *ingenuity* at all *games of Art*, and superior calculations upon the Turf, have long since advanced him from a state of indigence to the summit of affluence, has, within a few days, "renounced" his carriage, "with all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," either from conscientious motives, or as an example to an only son he has placed in the army, who finds a *chariot, curricle,* and *eight horses* indispensible appendages to the dignity of a military paraphernalia.

One day, some time since, Mr. Nimmo, of George-street, Manchester-square, sent down to Salisbury a pigeon from his dove-cot, to be dispatched with a billet round its neck the next day, at twelve o'clock precisely, in order to ascertain what dependence could be placed on pigeons in case of extraordinary expedition being necessary. The bird arrived, with the billet round its neck, seven minutes past three in the afternoon, a distance of eighty-three miles, in three hours and seven minutes.

The

The following is a remarkable instance of deviation from instinct:—A starling, in the possession of Mr. Baker, of Northgate-street, Chester, has been bred up in perfect intimacy with a cat; and such is the mutual friendliness of these animals, that one platter serves both; and the back of the puss is frequently the perch of his feathered companion.

A great crowd lately assembled at Paris to witness an interview between two elephants in the Botanic Garden; one of whom, a male, was some time since brought to Paris to consort with the other, a female, who had lost her mate. Those, however, who expected to see some proofs of wonderful instinct, were much disappointed, as the animals appeared perfectly indifferent to each other; nor could they be induced to interchange any elephantic compliments.

The beginning of the present month, a battle was fought on Chelsea Common, between two persons, named Hawkins and Smith, for five guineas a-side; they set to at eleven o'clock, attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, and a numerous crowd of spectators. Smith, on stripping, appeared to be the most powerful man; and the odds were six to four in his favour. Hawkins, however, seemed to be the most active, and had length of arm on his side. The first round, no advantage was gained by either; they closed on each other, and both fell, Smith uppermost. The second round, Hawkins received a knock down blow. The third round displayed great science, and was fought for the space of two minutes and a half; Smith received a black eye, and in return, cut Hawkins severely on the lip. The fourth round nearly equal; fifth, sixth, and seventh, Smith cross-buttocked Hawkins each time, evidently having the superiority of strength.—Here the bets were two and three to one in favour of Smith. Hawkins now changed his mode of fighting, and waited the attack of Smith: the eighth round Hawkins put in some well-timed blows in the body, and closed one of Smith's eyes; the ninth round was also in Hawkins's favour, Smith appearing to be distressed for wind. The tenth was allowed by the amateurs to be one of the best fought, seen for a long time. Hawkins had here evidently collected all his strength, and placed his reliance of success on this round; each of them guarded and received some severe blows; but Hawkins cut Smith in the mouth, and, by a well-directed blow in the neck, brought him to the ground. The three following rounds were in favour of Hawkins: and after fighting several other rounds, with various success, victory was declared in favour of Hawkins.

The fight continued twenty-three minutes; they are both young and powerful men, gardeners by trade; they were both most dreadfully bruised; Smith had both his eyes closed, besides being dreadfully cut in the mouth; it is supposed he is very materially hurt in the body, as he could not stand straight up, even for a few paces. Hawkins's lip is completely laid open, and it is apprehended the jaw is broke; he is otherwise hurt in the face, and lost a great quantity of blood.

About the same period, a desperate battle was fought in Stepney Fields, between Matthew Quirk, an Irishman, and John Turner, a Shropshire man. The battle lasted an hour and twenty-five minutes, during which they fought thirty-two rounds. Turner was seconded by Berks, the unfortunate pugilist, and Quirk was seconded by the tough

and old Patrick Nowland. The battle commenced at half past ten. The first twelve rounds, bets were even; after which they changed, sometimes in favour of one, and sometimes in favour of the other; Quirk had all the knock-down blows in his favour, and drew the first blood. On the whole, it was acknowledged by all the amateurs of boxing present, to be the fairest and hardest fought battle they had seen for many years; at length, in dread of the peace officers, it was made a drawn battle. Charles Christian, bottle-holder to Quirk, struck Berks, alledging he was an unfair second.

The amateurs of boxing, were lately gratified by a long and hard fought battle, in a field near Dachet, between Samuel Gill, a bargeman, and a grenadier of the Staffordshire Militia. They fought for no more than a guinea a side, but many bets were made by the spectators during the fight, which lasted upwards of two hours and a quarter, when the grenadier gave it in. Gill was before known as a prize-fighter.

O'Donnell the Boxer, is matched again to fight Caleb Baldwin for 100 guineas. His friends declared, the last was but a *sham* fight, and that the next was to be a *real* one.

Friday morning the 11th inst. two of the *lovely nymphs*, who attend in Covent Garden market with baskets, met in St. Giles's, when one of them accused the other of robbing her of her favourite swain; the lie was genteelly given on both sides, with great spirit, till the one who conceived herself aggrieved, struck her fair rival over the breast; this produced a dreadful combat, in which the nails of the parties formed the principal weapons. After each of their caps were nearly torn asunder, and their beautiful locks much dishevelled, they adjourned to a gin shop, amidst the shouts of the surrounding mob.

A curious circumstance occurred on the 11th instant, in Oxford-street; a gentleman's servant went to call a coach for his master, who lives in Titchfield street; there were two coaches on the stand, and by some mistake they both considered themselves as hired, and drove to the door. When the gentleman came out, both the coachmen claimed him as their fare; a furious volley of oaths and abuse ensued, when one of the nights of the whip challenged the other to single combat; they accordingly fought with great fury for near half an hour, when having bruised each other till they were tired, they began to look about them, and found that some of the good-natured spectators had carried off their coats and hats, and the gentleman had taken another coach, and left them to settle the dispute their own way. They were in consequence glad to drive off amidst the shouts of a numerous mobility.

The late pugilistic contest at Newmarket, was between Colonel L——, and young C——y, the jockey. The latter was the assailant; and it is reported that the affair will have a legal termination.

Mr. Johnson, the wine-merchant, of Bruton-place, Berkeley-square, lately deceased, was a distinguished character in Lord Derby's Hunt, which he very assiduously attended; and riding boldly up to the hounds, was in at the taking of many a deer. Nor was his fame confined to hunting; few sportsmen shot better, or followed the winged tribe with more active perseverance. He died in the 64th year of his age, and was buried at Paddington. Several members of the "Socials," a convivial club, which he contributed much to enliven by urbanity, followed him to the grave.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONGS
IN
THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

EUGENIA.

TO Sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
And friendly dreams to lover's dear:
For then his form shall charm mine eye,
For then his voice shall charm mine ear.
No longer then can Fortune's power
Withhold my lover from my sight:
And Fancy in her conquering hour,
With Love shall gild her visions bright.

ARMAGH.

LOVE and whiskey both,
Rejoice an honest fellow:
Unripe joys of life,
Love and whiskey mellow.
Both the head and heart,
Set in palpitation;
From both I've often found,
A mighty sweet sensation.
Love and whiskey's joys!
Let us gaily twist 'em,
In the thread of life.
Faith we can't resist 'em!

But love's jealous pang!
In heart-ach oft we find it.
Whiskey in its turn,
A head-ach leaves behind it.
Thus of love or drink
We curse th' enchanted cup, Sir,
All its charms forswear,
Then take another sup, Sir,
Love and whiskey's, &c.

Love and whiskey can
To any thing persuade us.
No other power we fear,
That ever can invade us.
Should others dare intrude,
They'll find our lads so friskey,
By none can be subdued,
Excepting love and whiskey.
May the smiles of love
Cheer our lads so clever;
And with whiskey, boys,
We'll drink king George for ever!

THEODORE—MISS DE CAMP.

THE other day, when I was dancing
To the air you love so well;
And with the rosy wreath advancing,
At your feet the offering fell.
A sigh your woe betraying,
O'erpower'd the smile you strove to give,
While in vain to speak, essaying!
Ah could I your griefs relieve!
But, alas! you love me not.
No, no, poor Theodore's forgot.

Oh! let me hope to see reviving,
All the gaiety you knew;
When for your kind attention striving,
I was ever in your view.
My childish sports approving,
My trifling all your cares beguil'd.
Still on your brow no frown reproving,
You on your little orphan smil'd.
But, alas! &c.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE TO RAISING THE WIND.

RULES hard and various—so the Critics chuse—
Controul the Tragic and the Comic Muse;
A polish'd air their classic steps should grace,
And sober caution must direct their pace:
But Farce, with playful trip and frolic mein,
Gambols with licens'd freedom o'er the scene.
The utmost effort of her art's design'd,
Should five long acts of woe depress the mind,
By broadest mirth to dissipate the gloom,
And send you smiling to your suppers home.
As yet a novice to dramatic fame,
Our author hath invok'd her mirthful name,
And, since she best the critic-bow unbends,
Begg'd her to introduce him to our friends.
Whim, as his title purports, is his view,
Yet he affects to have some moral too.
Raising the Wind! How various are the ways,
On Life's precarious Sea, the Wind to raise!
Yet still, by indolence or folly charm'd,
The trimmest barks are frequently becalm'd;
And oft, by penury pursu'd, full chase,
The shifts of artifice their helms disgrace:
Now, he would teach, that her unworthy force
Serves but to drive them farther from their course.
Sure none will doubt him; yet, in times like these,
Tho' vainly privateers may court the breeze,
Each bosom glows with patriot pride elate,
While scuds uncheck'd, the vessel of the State;
While the Britannia proudly makes her way,
And Lloyd, her purser, tells us every day,
That while for glory bound, she hoists her sail,
Britons can raise a never ceasing gale,
May our new Author claim the breath of praise,
And no dire storm of squally censure raise!
Ye Gods! who o'er our atmosphere preside,
Gods! who the sins of dullness loudly chide,
And, as becomes Olympians, when you please,
Can most effectually stir up a breeze,
This night espouse a young Adventurer's cause,
And be tempestuous only—in applause.

THE GAMES OF LIFE.

THE little Miss at three years old,
Plays with Doll, and prattles;
But little Master stout and bold,
Plays with drums and rattles.

The Boy, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses;
And Miss, grown older, studies looks,
And plays with looking-glasses.

The Jolly Topper, fond of fun,
Plays with his friends at drinking:
The Sportsman plays with dog and gun,
And Wise Men play at thinking.

The Beauty, full of haughty airs,
When young, plays at tormenting;
But, wrinkled, turns to other cares,
And sports at last repenting.

Wretched from self-created woe,
The Miser's game is hoarding;
And when he meets his country's foe,
The Sailor plays at boarding.

The Alderman with bloated face,
A glutton plays at eating;
And such as long to have a place
In Parliament—at treating.

With ledger busied, Merchants take
A game at calculation;
And Ministers too often make
A plaything of the nation.

With

With looks profound, and thoughtful
 mind,
 Projectors play at scheming;
'Till worn with care, at last they find
 They've all along been dreaming.

The Lover sad, and woeful wan,
 Plays day and night at fretting;
Whilst laughing at the silly man,
 His Delia sports coquetting.

Cowards, with none but cowards nigh,
 Are fond of gasconading;
And Courtiers fawn, and cringe, and lie,
 And play at masquerading.

The Lounger plays at killing time,
 The Soldier plays at slaying;
The Poet plays at making rhyme,
 The Hypocrite at praying.

The Player plays for wealth and fame;
 And thus all play together,
'Till death at last disturbs the game,
 And stops the play for ever.

Greenwich, H. P. O.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S SPORTS AT SEA.

THE winds all hush'd, the circling
 week just past,
And Saturn's wish'd-for eve return'd at
 last;
The jovial crew, their various pleasures
 seek,
Pleasures that come, alas! but once
 a week.
"Now, the loud laugh that speaks the
 vacant mind,"
And merry jokes from witty Joe pur-
 loin'd—
Go on, whilst skill'd in legendary lore,
Some tell old tales, by thousands told
 before,
Of witches, fairies, spirits, apparitions,
And servant maids, who rose to high con-
 ditions;
Of water-spouts, just breaking by the
 bows;
And sharks, five fathoms long, with teeth
 ten rows!
Of flying Dutchmen, and a monstrous
 whale
Swallow'd a long-boat, rigg'd with mast
 and sail!
And how a purser, a nefarious dog,
Came to be hang'd, for stopping poor
 men's grog.
Meanwhile, the chorus, rapid, loud, and
 long,
Concludes the burthen of each sailor's
 song.
Songs in request, of Russell fam'd at sea;
How gallant Rodney took the Veal Paree;
Or of Macbride, a fellow always plea-
 sant,
The brave commander of the Bonny
 Pheasant.
Whilst potent draughts of bumbo, grog,
 and flip,
Regale the thoughtless inmates of the
 ship.
The grog is out, a thirsty seaman cries;
The grog is out, another quick replies:
Not quite, says Ratlin, whilst the can
 he shews,
To wives and Sweethearts, dam'me, here
 it goes;
Sweethearts and wives, rejoin the festive
 crew;
Our can is out, sweet lovely girls adieu!
Down in their hammocks, part reluctant
 creep,
Then swear a prayer or two, and sink to
 sleep!

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A TALE.

A PUPIL of the Esculapian school,
 Was just prepar'd to quit his mas-
 ter's rule;
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years;
Yet think not that in knowledge he was
 cheated—
 All that he had to study still
 Was, when a man was well or ill;
And how, if sick, he should be treated.
One morn he thus address'd his master;
 "Dear Sir, my honour'd father bids
 me say,
"If I could now and then a visit pay,
 "He

"He thinks, with you,
"To notice how you do,
"My bus'ness I might learn a little faster."
"The thought is happy," the preceptor cries;
"A better method he could scarce devise;
"So Bob," his pupil's name, "it shall be so;
"And, when I next pay visits, you shall go."
To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:
With dire intent,
Away they went;
And now behold them at a patient's bed.
The master-doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd;
Look'd wise, said nothing, an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say:
Then felt the pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paus'd, and blink'd, and smelt again;
And briefly of his corpse perform'd each motion;
Manœuvres that for death's platoon are meant;
A kind of a make ready and present,
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.
At length, the patient's wife he thus address'd:
"Madam, your husband's danger's great;
"And what will never his complaint abate,
"The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."
"Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,"
Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.
Skill so prodigious, Bobby, too, admir'd;
And home returning, of the sage inquir'd,
How these same oysters came into his head?
"Pshaw! my dear Bob, the thing was plain,
"Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain;
"I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."
So wise, by such a lesson grown,
Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,
And to the self-same suff'rer paid his court—
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Return'd the stripling minister of death;
And to his master made this dread report:
"Why, Sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under—
"Zounds, such a maw I never came across!
"The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
"For dam'me if he hasn't eat a horse!"
"A horse!" the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride—
"How came so wild a notion in your head!"
"How! think not in my duty I was idle;
"Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
"And there I saw a *saddle and a bridle!*"

EPITAPH

On a Grave Stone, in the South Side of St. Nicholas Church, Nottingham.

HERE lieth the body of Thomas Booth, who departed this life, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1752, aged 75.

HERE lies a marksman, who with art and skill,
When young and strong, fat Bucks and Does did kill.
Now conquered by grim death; go, reader, tell it,
He's now took leave of powder, gun, and pellet.
A fatal dart, which in the dark did fly,
Has dropt him down among the dead to lie.
If any wants to know the poor slave's name,
'Twas old Tom Booth, ne'er ask from whom he came.
He's hither sent, and surely such another,
Ne'er issued from the belly of a mother.

It is said, the deceased composed the above previous to his death, and requested it might be placed on his grave stone. He was a sportsman, and very fond of buck-killing.